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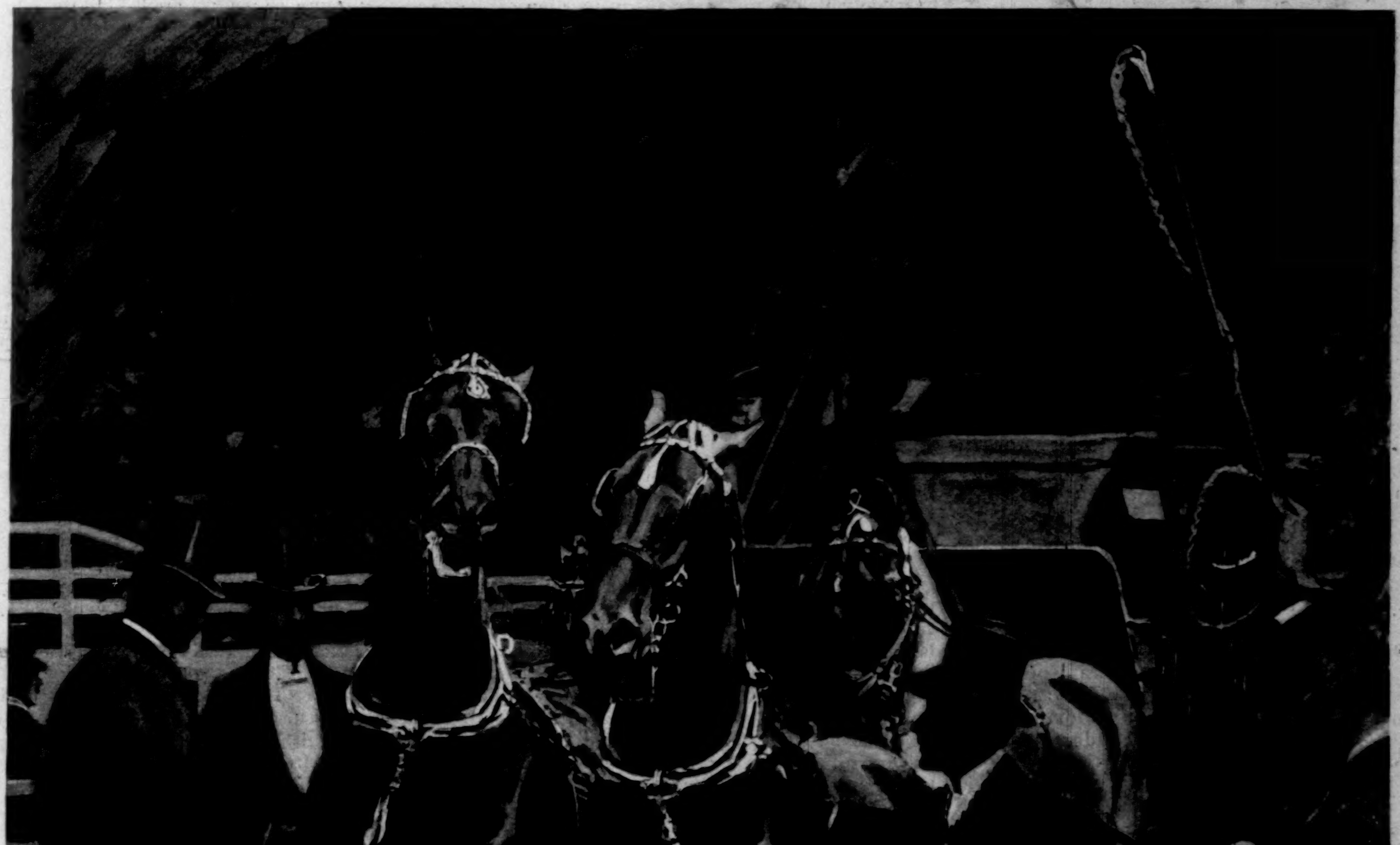

AT THE HORSE SHOW—PULLING UP BEFORE THE JUDGES.

DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, NOVEMBER 19, 1898

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GREAT BRITAIN continues to make warlike preparations, and no one seems to know precisely, now that Fashoda is abandoned by the French, why she continues this work. Lord SALISBURY was expected to declare a protectorate over Egypt at the Lord Mayor's banquet, but he did not, although he hinted that it was well enough to be ready for grave emergencies. Whatever the cause of this active warlike preparation may be, the character of the English government assures the belief that if there be a cause for war it is a grave and dignified one, and one in which the British Empire will doubtless have the sympathy of the United States. Whether the prospective enemy be France or Russia, this will be true.

AMONG the pleasantest results of the election is the defeat of the Bryanites in BRYAN'S own State, Nebraska, and the consequent speedy end of the political career of that Populistic and silver demagogue Senator WILLIAM V. ALLEN. Nebraska has been too prosperous during the last two years to remain Populistic. This defeat and other Republican successes in the West end the free-silver movement, although we cannot hope that the end of financial heresies will come until the whole monetary system of the country shall be reformed.

IT has often been said that science not less than war has had its martyrs, and the truth of the assertion is attested by many examples; the unscientific like the unmilitary public may be pardoned for wishing to see the martyrdoms confined to those who are willing to run the risk. The outbreak of the bubonic plague in a Vienna hospital is a case in point. No one can too greatly admire the self-sacrifice of the professional man who deliberately risks his own life to investigate the means by which so terrible a scourge as the plague which has been devastating India during the last two years may be cured or prevented; but when it comes to risking the importation of the plague into central Europe, there is another side to the question. The bubonic bacillus may have an overwhelming interest for the men of science on his own account, but for the general public the interest centres around the idea of keeping him as far away as possible. The recent events at Vienna would seem to point the moral pretty plainly, and it is to be hoped it will not soon be forgotten in the public interests. It is not only unobjectionable, but highly meritorious, on the part of the pioneers of medical science, to risk their own lives in the experiments which have proved so fatal to all concerned at Vienna, but they have no right to risk the lives of other people. If they wish to make the nearer acquaintance of the bubonic bacillus, the proper place to do it is where they can find him at home. At Bombay, for instance, the enthusiastic professor might have taken the plague and died, but if he had done so there would have been an end of it, as a few thousand bacilli more or less could hardly make much difference there. Inoffensive people at Vienna have surely a right to choose their company, even among bacilli.

LORD SALISBURY, in his speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet last week, spoke of the appearance of the American republic among Asiatic factors and in European diplomacy as a "grave and serious event, which might not conduce to the interests of peace." What Lord SALISBURY said on this occasion is worthy of serious consideration. Are we prepared to do anything that is a menace to the peace of the world? Is not the whole teaching of the republic against that? Are we prepared to take a step that will invite war? In other words, are we to cease to be the greatest influence for peace that the world has ever known? The part which the republic has played thus far in international history is one that is distinctly honorable to us. We have been proud of the fact that we have encouraged the settlement of international difficulties by arbitration, and that we have settled more of our own disputes with various powers in this peaceable manner than any other power in the world. If this has been a proper subject of national pride, as we believe, how can we also be proud of the fact that what we do in the future will make for war?

IT is probably true, as some of the opponents of the expansion policy say, that a plan should be formulated for the better government of the Philippine Islands that does not involve their annexation to the United States. Senator HOAR has made a suggestion which, if carried out, would put the islands in commission under the control of several of the civilized powers; and there seems to be really no reason why some arrangement might not be made which would begin the instruction of the Filipinos in the art of self-government. The problem is not a difficult one for real statesmanship, and it could be solved easily enough if we should set real statesmen at it. In the mean time the *status quo* ought to be maintained, and the subject of the Philippines and their future omitted from the treaty of peace.

THE difficulty is, as we have suggested, that real statesmanship will probably not be permitted to concern itself with the Philippines. Judging from the manner in which we have begun with these islands, and with the other outlying possessions that we are apparently seeking, we have not yet developed the capacity for dealing with the initial questions that are arising. The administration is seemingly without any faith in the capacity of its own friends to transact international business involving negotiations with the accredited representatives of Spain. Consequently the commissioners at Paris are so bound up by instructions from Washington that they have no initiative and no latitude. In other words, they have no real power to negotiate. The consequence is that a meeting of minds between the two commissions is going to be difficult, and the delay resulting from the transmission to this country of counter-propositions from Spain may cost us advantageous terms, because, since they cannot be accepted at the moment when they are offered, they may be withdrawn before the final word goes from Washington. We are also manifesting an absolutely absurd and mediæval tendency in dealing with our trade regulations, evidence of which is the decision that trade with Puerto Rico is coastwise trade, and therefore must be carried on in American bottoms. This is the kind of colonial policy that cost Great Britain her colonies in this country, and that has finally brought Spain to her knees, and has plunged her into the depths of poverty. No steps whatever seem to have been taken looking to a change in our century-old navigation laws, and no member of the administration has suggested the necessity of providing for a colonial administrative force. In short, the expansionists are devoting their minds wholly to the subject of land-grabbing, and it is not surprising, therefore, that those who are opposed to land-grabbing should be simply insisting that the national word shall be kept, and that the country shall not be burdened with any more islands until it has made some progress towards devising a scheme for governing those we have; but, as we have already said, if we might only secure the services of statesmen, the problem of the Philippines would be settled without placing the whole burden on the United States.

WE are not inclined to make use of the misfortunes of the country for the purpose of aiding our side of a controversy, but it seems to us to be just to point to the outrageous condition of affairs in North Carolina and South Carolina following the election as an indication of the essential weakness in our system of government of the presence of large aggregations of what are called inferior people. The trouble in the South does not indicate that the American people are not competent to govern themselves and their country. It does show what the American politician can accomplish when he sets out to promote distrust and hatred between the blacks and the whites for his own profit and advantage. The war in North Carolina and South Carolina, by which civil government has been overturned in populous communities, is due to the fact that Republican politicians have promoted race hatred for the gain of their party. In view of the state of things that the politicians have succeeded in bringing about in the South, it seems to us the height of folly to turn over to these same politicians the control of alien races in distant lands, where an outbreak similar to that which has taken place at Wilmington, North Carolina, might easily precipitate the whole country into a disastrous foreign war.

THE ELECTIONS.

THE results of the elections throughout the country cannot be wholly satisfactory to either political party. The friends of expansion, who have lately become more than ever the friends of Mr. MCKINLEY, have been insisting that the verdict of the elections would have a strong bearing upon their enterprise. They have stated that Spain was awaiting this verdict with anxiety, and they have put this in a way that has made it difficult for many conscientious persons to escape voting the Republican ticket. They have stated that the issue was the approval or disapproval of the war. Now the war is one thing and expansion is another thing. Whether we Americans believe that the war was properly begun or not, we are behind the administration so long as the war is going on; but that does not make us supporters of the administration's policy of taking the Philippines, or of the plan to transform this democratic government into an imperial power.

The result has been confusion of mind among voters who did not want to express any sentiment that would be pleasant to Spain, while, on the other hand, they did not desire to approve of the absorption of the Philippines. The mixed result is perhaps the consequence of this. At any rate, it is most gratifying to our patriotic pride to take it so, for we do not wish to look upon the Republican loss in the House of Representatives as indicative of any feeling on the part of the American people in favor of Spain. We take it, on the contrary, that it means simply that expansion and the army administration are not popular, and that if expansion had been presented on its naked merits, the administration would have been overwhelmingly defeated. As it is, the Republican party has lost seriously in the House; and it has suffered severely in Minnesota, where the leading expansionist and jingo of the Senate and the Paris Peace Commission, CUSHMAN K. DAVIS, is a candidate for re-election to the Senate. He is going to be elected, no doubt, but his prestige is badly damaged by the vote on the State ticket.

This much, we think, is clear from the election statistics: Mr. MCKINLEY'S expansionist policy is not popular. The voters have not ratified the shouts of the people who met him at the railroad stations on his Western trip. On the leading domestic or "parochial" issue, that of sound money, the result is far from evil. The administration has not done much for sound money since it came into power, and the Republicans in Congress have failed to be able to do anything; but, on the whole, the country has reason to expect more from the Republican party on this question than from the Democratic party. How absolutely incompetent the latter is to deal with this subject is shown by the fact that the sixteen candidates for Congress in this city, who are to represent sound-money constituencies, obeyed the command of the ignorant person who owns their political fortunes and souls, and refused to say a word on this vital issue. Although the Republican Congress has not done anything for sound money, something affirmative is to be expected in the near future, since the party retains its power in the House. This hope is probably not to be immediately realized, because, while the present House may push through the pending excellent bill, the present Senate will not pass it; but we hope that the next House can be counted on for something in the way of sound financial legislation. In this connection, the defeat of Representative WALKER of Massachusetts is to be regretted, for he was a man of light and leading on the money question, and his absence will be felt when the debate begins.

QUAY'S victory in Pennsylvania is one of the worst of the evil results of the election. His candidate STONE was elected by a large majority, and the Legislature will probably make QUAY his own successor. We had hoped for better things from the State, and had been assured that we might expect them. But apparently Pennsylvania prefers the iniquitous QUAY to any virtuous Democrat or Independent. Of course there is hope as long as there is life, but, as the New York *Times* happily suggests, QUAY may die of old age before Pennsylvania becomes virtuous enough to repudiate him.

On the whole, it is a sign of great weakness in the administration not to be able to carry the country at an election held before the war is really ended. Many of the Republican politicians in Congress who voted for the war did so believing that the result would be a Republican triumph this fall. They have been disappointed for a variety of reasons, one of which, of course, is the outrageous treatment of the soldiers; but the chief cause of the failure of the Republican party to hold its own in the House is the fact that the administration has insisted upon expansion as the leading feature of its programme.

THE NEW YORK ELECTION AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE.

THE success of Mr. ROOSEVELT is one of the good signs of the times. We dismiss, of course, the contention that will be made at Washington, and perhaps in Europe, that his election as Governor of New York is an endorsement of Mr. MCKINLEY'S scheme for loading the country with the Philippines in the interests of what he calls "destiny" and of what the missionaries call "religion." Mr. ROOSEVELT'S victory not only means nothing of the kind, but it was evident to within ten days of the election that his expansion and jingo sentiments were a detriment to his canvass. The people of the State did not respond to the military side of his campaign, while some of his best friends voted against him, or did not vote at all, because they thought that he was playing the demagogue in a way that was quite unworthy of his character, his intellect, and his antecedents. Not only were his jingoism and imperialism visibly unpopular, but so was the presence of the theatrical Rough Riders in uniforms which they had no right to wear after they were mustered out of the service of the United States. There was a good deal of objection, too, to the exaggerated claim that seemed to be put forward as to Mr. ROOSEVELT'S part in the assault on San Juan Hill—a claim that ignored the much more brilliant part played by General HAWKINS and the regular infantry. For much of this we are sure that Mr. ROOSEVELT was not responsible, and we know that he is incapable of making or sustaining any claim in his behalf that is beyond his deserts, or that involves an injustice to any one else. We mention these features of the campaign for the purpose of reminding those who are seeking to point a moral in national affairs that the military pomp and circumstance of the struggle injured rather than helped Mr. ROOSEVELT. And this was not because the people of New York, or of the country in general, do not love a military hero. They have proved the contrary too often and too decisively to permit the expression of a doubt as to their partiality for successful soldiers. Indeed, Mr. ROOSEVELT is himself an example of this passion of theirs. He would not have been nominated at all if he had not been a hero at San Juan. The politicians did not want him. PLATT and his knew him thoroughly. They had had bitter experiences with him before. They realized that his election would mean a Governor hostile to the machine. Apparently, however, they wanted to win this year, and they knew that with the ordinary machine candidate the Republican party would be beaten. The popular hero was forced upon them. If it had been only as a popular hero that Mr. ROOSEVELT ran, a campaign in his behalf would hardly have been necessary; but gradually the idea of imperialism became a definite part of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S military career, and this obscured and finally destroyed the glory he had won on the battlefield. As a political issue, imperialism was a failure in New York, and apparently no one realized this more keenly than Mr. ROOSEVELT, who won his campaign in the last ten days by devoting himself to the real issues of a State election, and by paying particular attention to Mr. CROKER'S sinister appearance in State politics. In a word, the significance of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S success as to national affairs is adverse to Mr. MCKINLEY'S attitude on the Philippine question, and while it is difficult to count on Mr. PLATT or any one of his friends in a matter of high politics, we believe that he and his colleague in the Senate, whether the latter be MURPHY or a Republican devoted to PLATT, will vote against the ratification of any treaty of peace which includes the cession of the Philippines. To do otherwise would be to fly in the face of their constituents.

Primarily Mr. ROOSEVELT'S victory is the triumph of character. He was elected because the people of the State really believed that he would give them a good administration. His opponent, an excellent man, we are told, laid great stress on the canal frauds as an issue, and it is highly probable that if the Republican party had nominated any other candidate it would have been defeated on that issue. Evidently the party has not repented of its crimes and its criminals, for the ridiculous WOODRUFF and the peccant ALDRIDGE were permitted to defend themselves during the campaign, and thus to imperil ROOSEVELT'S chances. No one believes in PLATT or his associates, but, at the same time, no one believes in CROKER as a reformer, and throughout the struggle VAN WYCK has stood for CROKER. On the other hand, Mr. ROOSEVELT stood for himself. While his visit to PLATT, and some of his campaign assertions touching PLATT, alienated some of his friends from him, his character and his past convinced the majority of the people that if canal or other thieves were to find an enemy in the gubernatorial chair as an outcome of this campaign it must be through the election of ROOSEVELT. It is a sterling quality of good Americans that character stands for so much with them that the man who has earned their respect cannot easily forfeit it by hot campaign utterances, or even by anxiety to secure a nomination.

But it was not only Mr. ROOSEVELT'S positively good character that carried him to success, the comparison between himself and CROKER won him thousands of votes. CROKER, probably more than any other one factor of the campaign, insured ROOSEVELT'S success. The Tammany boss intruded himself in all his hideousness. He named the Democratic candidate. He ordered the poor creatures who were candidates on his ticket for Congress to say nothing on the money question. He shoved a judge off the bench because he had refused to take orders from Tammany Hall. His baleful shadow was projected over everything. He dominated the politics of his party. He was even mentioned as the Senator to come. Finally the WEEKLY showed the kind of government New York city enjoyed under his rule, and CROKER'S answer to the charges was a confession. The growing power of this boss frightened the people. In his fatuous and cynical confidence in his power he began to talk, to pour out his vulgarity, to boast of his overlordship; and every time he talked, and by everything that he did, he helped ROOSEVELT. The State has not only chosen ROOSEVELT for his good character, it has elected him in order that it might escape CROKER. We have enough of this foul creation of sham politics in the City Hall. We do not want him at Albany or at Washington.

Looked at in this way, Mr. ROOSEVELT'S election is one of the happy signs of the time—one of the signs that, left to themselves, undistracted by policies and efforts foreign to democracy, the people of this country will rise to the heights of their opportunity, and will meet and overcome even the emergencies that boss rule has created. That Mr. ROOSEVELT agrees with our judgment of the forces which elected him he has declared himself in the utterance which he made on receiving the news of his election. He said:

> "I shall try to administer the office of Governor in the interest of the whole people. It is by so doing that I can best show my appreciation of the support given me by the independents and Democrats, who have themselves put the welfare of the State first, declining to follow those of their leaders who, in this crisis, either ranged themselves outright on the side of the forces of dishonesty, or else supported them in effect by standing aside from the real contest."

This is the spirit for whose triumph in the United States good citizens are longing, and it is because he possesses it that they rejoice in Mr. ROOSEVELT'S election.

DAVID AMES WELLS.

BY WORTHINGTON C. FORD.

IN the death of Mr. David Ames Wells the country loses one of its foremost writers on applied economy. For more than thirty years he has sought to teach the people the necessity of placing the national and local systems of taxation upon a more equitable and reasonable basis, of removing from them those features that lead to undue pressure of taxes in some directions and to unfair discrimination in favor of certain interests in others. By voice and pen he has been in the lead of the revenue-reformers, and it is on this his public activity that his reputation will rest.

Mr. Wells was born in Springfield, Massachusetts, June 17, 1828, and was a graduate of Williams College. He was for some years connected with the Springfield *Republican*, and even in late years contributed to that journal. Under Agassiz he studied in the Lawrence Scientific School, and the series of text-books on science, which enjoyed a high popularity in their day, was one of the results of this training. Other and more important results were a scientific method of investigation, and a happy, because direct and lucid, style in expressing his thoughts.

This closeness of investigation and clearness of exposition he carried into his studies on taxation. There are men still living who can recall the dark days of the civil war, when apprehension for the safety of the government was at its height, and was fully reflected in the low credit of the national Treasury. The greenback was quoted in gold at less than one-half its face value, in spite of every effort to counteract the depreciation, and the United States bonds were nearly in the same low estimation. With the possibilities of further issues of paper and enormous loans, and with the actual presence of a costly and, as it then appeared, an uncertain war, the financial depression threatened to close all sources of the necessary funds to the government, and thus force it into a confession of national bankruptcy. It was at this crisis that Mr. Wells undertook to show why the nation's credit was still unimpaired, and why the national economy was able not only to make good the losses already suffered, but to be still further drawn upon without injury. In "Our Burden and Our Strength," the balance-book of the national credit was set forth in popular form, and the many large editions of this pamphlet, widely circulated, produced an appreciable recovery of public confidence in the ability of the nation to meet the heavy demands made upon its credit.

At the close of the war the question of reducing national taxation stood prominent as one of the many problems to be solved; and under Mr. McCulloch, the Secretary of the Treasury, a special commission was formed to report upon the existing methods of obtaining revenue and the changes to be desired. Mr. Wells was placed upon this commission as chairman, together with Stephen Colwell, of Pennsylvania, and S. S. Hayes, of Illinois. The first report was presented in 1866, and embodied a general discussion of the internal and customs revenue, but contained few important suggestions of change. A great body of information was obtained on home and foreign taxation, and the domestic interests were granted a hearing; but the report did not lead to a practical reform, and in the next session of Congress the office of Special Commissioner of the Revenue was created. In recognition of the ability with which Mr. Wells had performed his duties at the head of the old commission, he received the new appointment.

Mr. Wells entered into his new office with a strong belief in the protection of native industries through a high tariff. He had received his training in economics from Henry C. Carey and Stephen Colwell, and was as strong a supporter of the principles of the "American system" as either of those gentlemen. His first report and the tariff bill submitted with it were constructed on the lines of protection. But as his investigations continued, and as he had the opportunity to compare conditions of manufacturing at home and abroad, a change came over his beliefs, and his confidence in the efficacy of protection was shaken. With a widening experience, under conditions peculiarly advantageous for comparing relative ability for manufacturing in England, France, and the United States, he was brought to recognize the fact that a high tariff, intended to restrict trade and competition, could be mischievous and wasteful, and better fitted to disorganize industries at home than to develop them on a lasting basis of natural prosperity. With characteristic courage he announced his conversion from protection, and his last report contained a full exposition of the causes of this conversion, and what was equivalent to a primer of tariff reform.

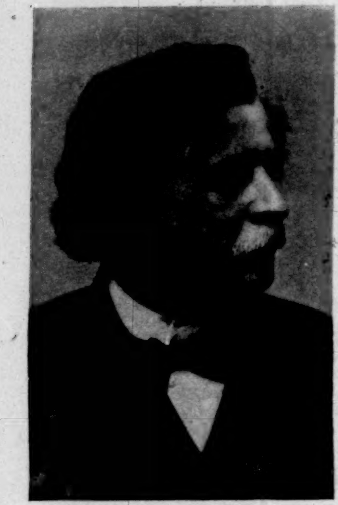
The merit of this exposition was at once recognized in Europe as well as in the United States. It was a lucid arrangement of facts proving the great natural resources of the country, and how inevitably they would lead to industrial and commercial supremacy over other nations. Artificial encouragements or restrictions by tariff duties could only stimulate unequal development, and by not recognizing the different needs of a country having so many diverse interests as the United States a waste of resource and a misdirected application of labor and capital would result. His former associates now turned from him, and the office he held was abolished. But his reports were printed in England and France, and led to a general acknowledgment of his abilities as an economist.

I have dwelt upon this incident in Mr. Wells's career because it illustrates his patient and careful study of whatever problem came before him, and his courage in announcing his conviction when fully formed by this study.

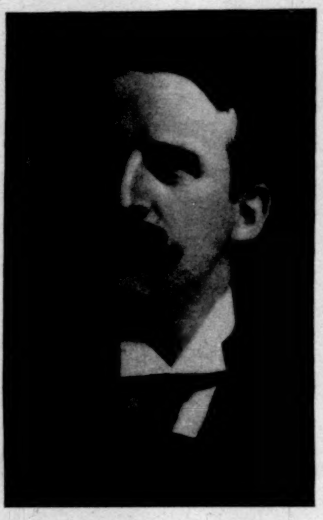
Upon leaving the service of the government his time and abilities were in demand in many quarters. He served on a commission to report on the system of State taxation in New York, submitting two reports, which were republished in England, and directed attention to the many anomalies of the State tax laws. He reported also on the subject of canal tolls, a matter of vital importance to the commercial interests of New York city and State. Associated with Charles Francis Adams, Jr., he was for some years a member of the board of railroad arbitration. When the national government was urged to purchase the telegraph systems of the country, Mr. Wells made a study of the economic points involved, and in an elaborate essay declared against governmental ownership. Belonging to the school of *laisser faire* economists, he looked with distrust upon any unnecessary extension of the control of the government over private concerns. His intimate knowledge of the practical side of tariff legislation made him opposed to creating further opportunities for special favors to the few at the expense of the many.

His point of view in State affairs widened with his more intimate knowledge of the moral questions they contained. The same convictions that led him to oppose a tariff that sacrificed revenue to protection led him to criticise schemes of land nationalization and to favor civil service reform. The same idea that taught him the inequalities of customs legislation, both for the country and for individuals, led him to favor honest government and political honesty. Because of his acquaintance with the laws of trade and the importance of international commerce he believed in drawing more closely the relations of the United States with the countries of Europe, and especially with Great Britain. His writings on political and economic topics are numerous, and hardly a public question in the last thirty years has not engaged his attention. Because of their practical qualities these writings have received high praise, and the many honors given to the writer by learned societies in Europe are evidence of the high estimation of his worth entertained in England, France, and Italy. The Institute of France, and the Lyncean Society of Italy, an even older institution, the Royal Statistical Society of Great Britain and the University of Oxford, recognized his work by honoring the man.

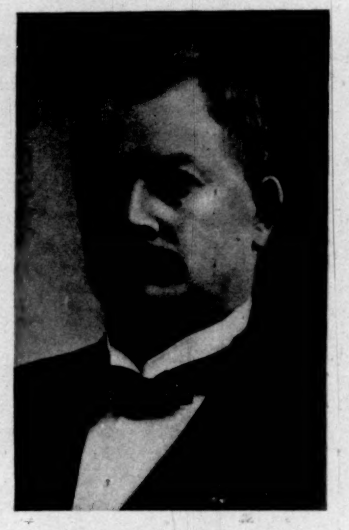
"There are few of my official acts," wrote Mr. Hugh McCulloch in his autobiography, "that I look upon with more satisfaction than the appointment of David A. Wells to be a revenue commissioner. . . . All of the reports which were made by Mr. Wells exhibited the most careful, painstaking, and intelligent investigation. In clearness and accuracy of statement and in logical force they have not been surpassed on either side of the Atlantic. Their ability was admitted even by those who disagreed with the writer in his conclusions. To the reputation which Mr. Wells acquired as a special commissioner of the revenue he has added very largely by his numerous papers upon economics. It is not too much to say that his rank is among the first of political economists of the time, in Europe as well as in the United States."



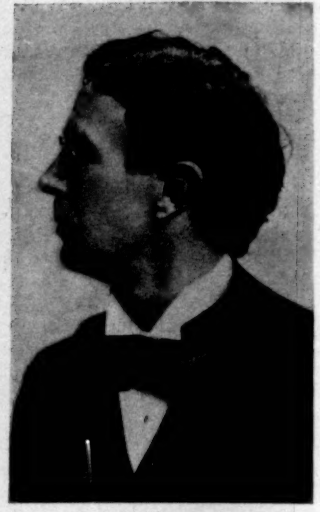
GEORGE E. LOUNSBURY,
Connecticut, Republican.



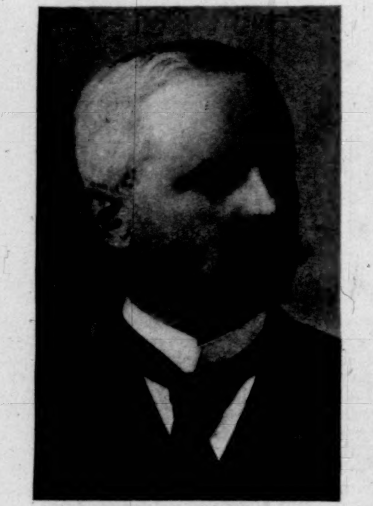
FRANK L. ROLLINS,
New Hampshire, Republican.



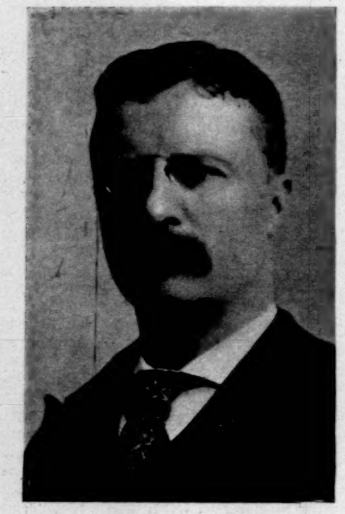
WILLIAM A. STONE,
Pennsylvania, Republican.



FOSTER M. VOORHEES,
New Jersey, Republican.



ROGER WOLCOTT,
Massachusetts, Republican.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT,
New York, Republican.
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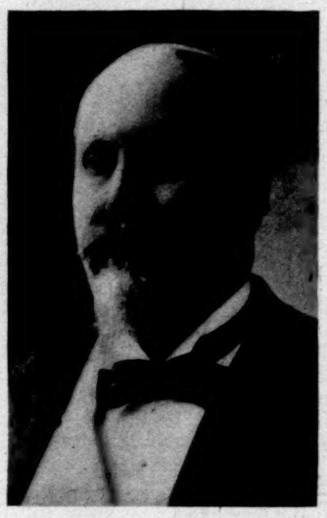
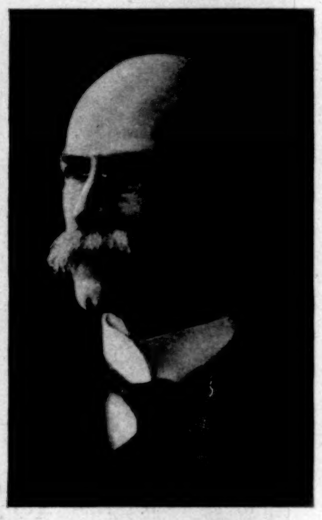
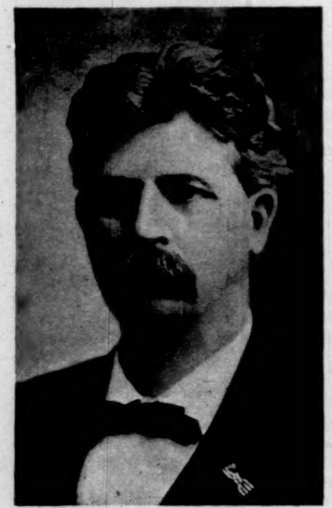


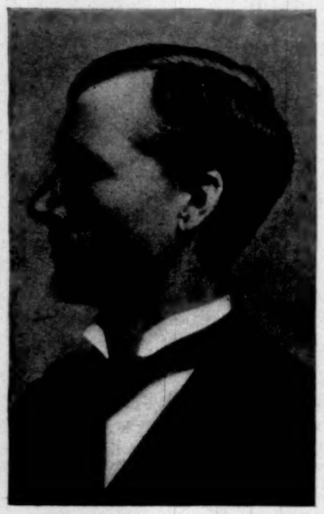
HAZEN S. PINGREE,
Michigan, Republican.



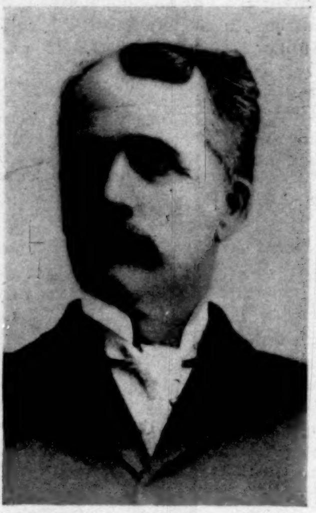
CHARLES S. THOMAS,
Colorado, Fusion.



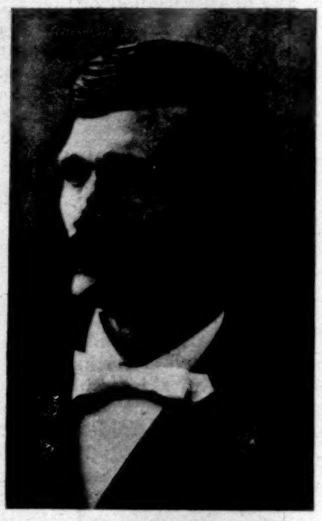
HENRY T. GAGE,
California, Republican.



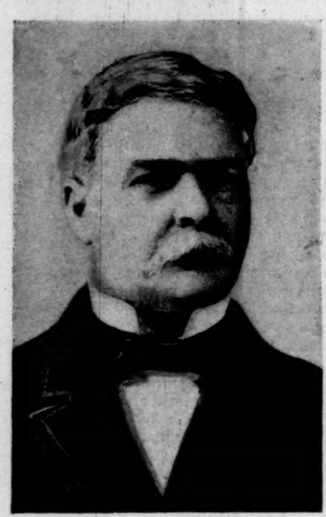
JOHN LIND,
Minnesota, Democrat.



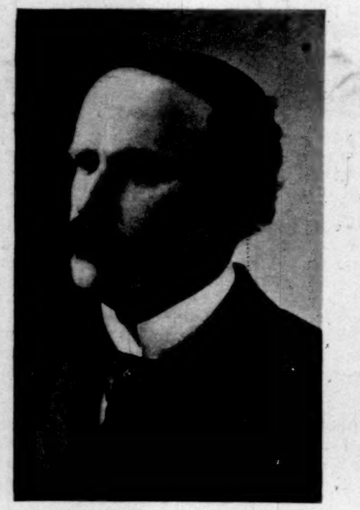
W. E. STANLEY,
Kansas, Republican.



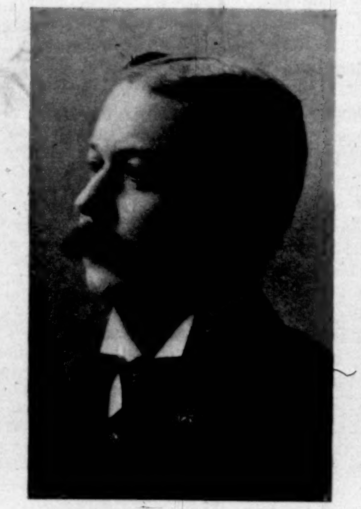
W. A. POYNTER,
Nebraska, Fusion.



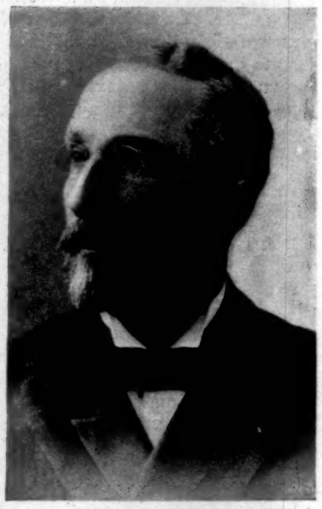
JOSEPH D. SAYERS,
Texas, Democrat.



BENTON McMILLIN,
Tennessee, Democrat.

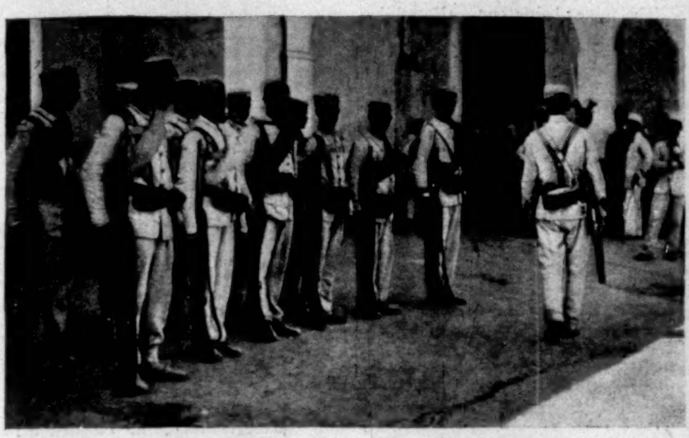


F. B. FANCHER,
North Dakota, Republican.

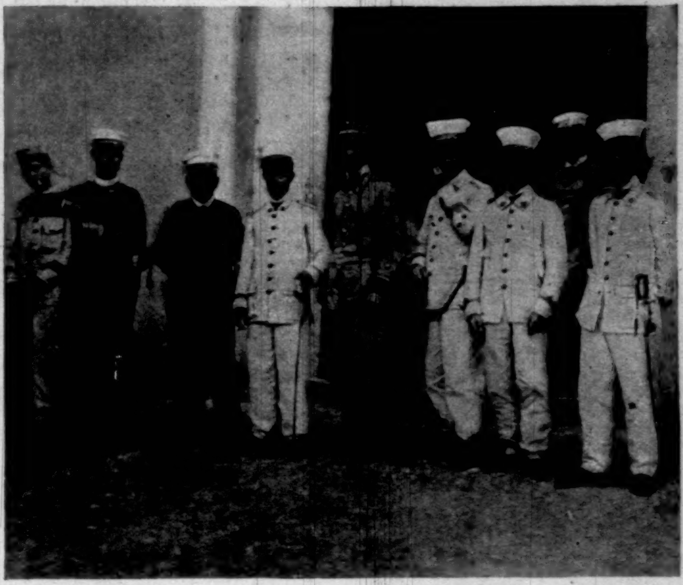


DE FOREST RICHARDS,
Wyoming, Republican.

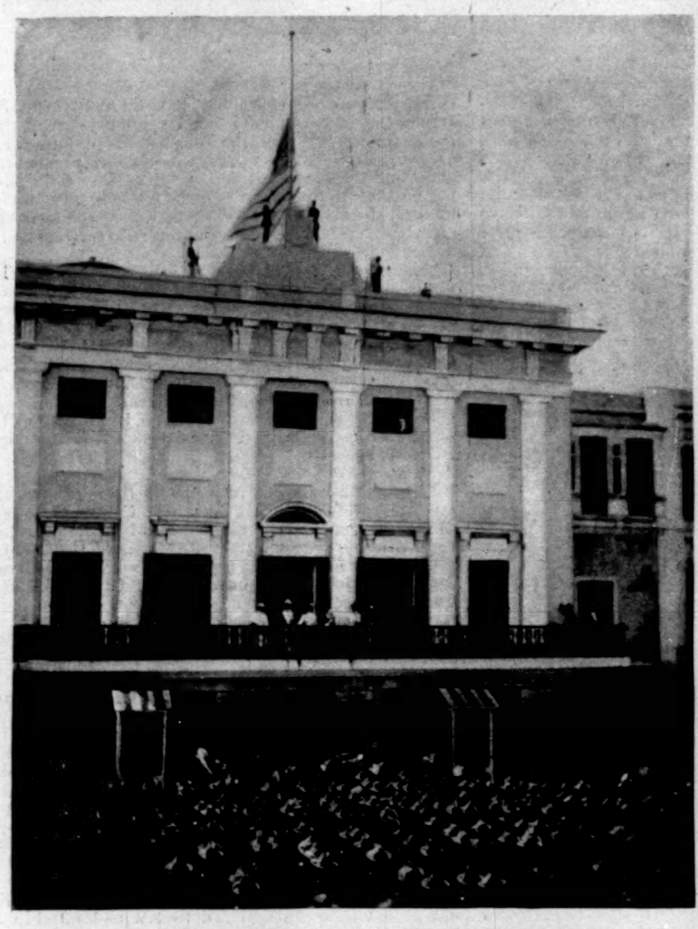
GOVERNORS CHOSEN AT THE NOVEMBER ELECTIONS.



SPANISH SOLDIERS IN SAN CRISTOBAL BARRACKS.

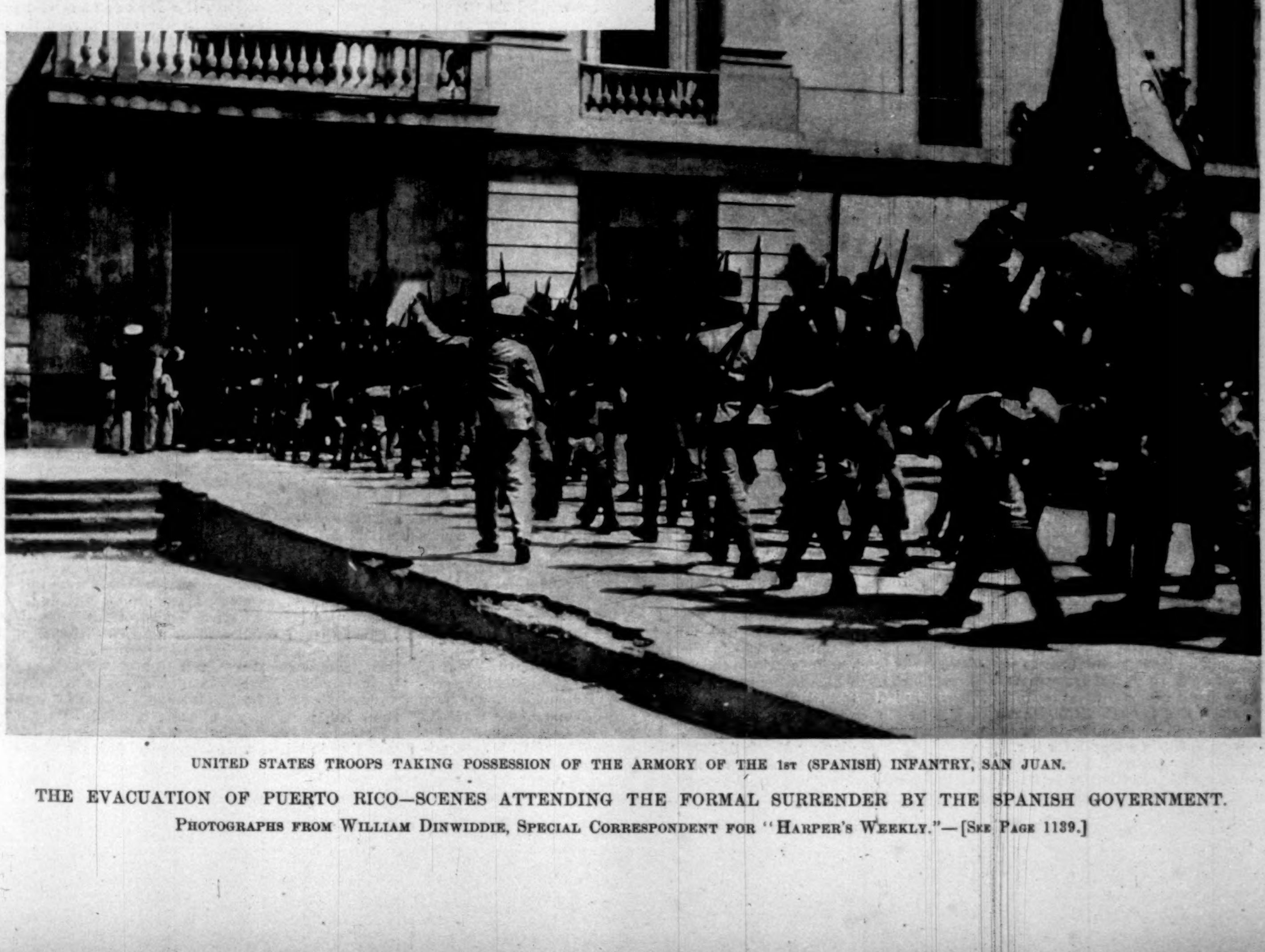


SPANISH OFFICERS IN FRONT OF SAN CRISTOBAL BARRACKS.



RAISING THE FLAG OVER SAN JUAN, OCTOBER 18.

SAN JUAN HARBOR—VESSELS DECORATED IN HONOR OF THE DAY.



UNITED STATES TROOPS TAKING POSSESSION OF THE ARMORY OF THE 1st (SPANISH) INFANTRY, SAN JUAN.

THE EVACUATION OF PUERTO RICO—SCENES ATTENDING THE FORMAL SURRENDER BY THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT.

Photographs from William Dinwiddie, Special Correspondent for "Harper's Weekly."—[See Page 1139.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

Mr. Wheeler H. Peckham, the noted New York lawyer, who has a house at Morristown, New Jersey, has transferred his legal residence to New Jersey to escape the tax laws in New York. The trouble with such of the New York tax laws as men like Mr. Peckham object to is that they are inequitable in their operation. They tax personal property in such a way that shrewd men who will condescend to evade them can easily do it without absolute lying. Widows and other persons whose property is held in trust cannot readily escape them. These laws therefore mulct helpless and highly conscientious persons, while more masterful and less scrupulous citizens scoff at them. When reputable citizens frankly leave the State to escape its taxes, it is pretty safe to conclude that the tax laws need amendment. There is no doubt at all that the present laws taxing personal property in New York cause an amount of mischief and hardship that is out of all reasonable proportion to the revenue they bring in.

Dr. J. D. Emmet, of New York, writes to the Weekly in praise and cordial support of the efforts of the Tree-Planting Association (64 White Street) to promote the planting of trees along the streets of New York. By following the methods recommended by the association trees can be started in life, with fair prospects, for ten dollars each. Dr. Emmet believes in the movement, and has confidence that the sparrows will take care of the inch-worms, which formerly made shade trees in New York a nuisance.

Elsewhere in this number of the Weekly a picture shows the demolition of the Palais de l'Industrie in Paris to make room for buildings of the exposition of 1900. The exposition grounds as now provided for will include, besides the Champ de Mars, the Quai d'Orsay and the Esplanade des Invalides on the left bank of the Seine, and on the right bank the Cours-la-Reine and the site of the Palais de l'Industrie.

Nothing will be shown at the exposition which will be of so much interest to transatlantic visitors as the people who are getting up the show. A recent visitor to Paris, who went one day to a lecture at the Sorbonne, speaks of being delighted with the lecture, but shocked at the appearance of the students who were listening to it. Their physiognomy, their misshapen heads, small stature, and general appearance, impressed her as obvious tokens of degeneration, and she found evidences of the same sort in the soldiers and policemen of Paris, who impressed her as being undersized and stupid.

The New York *Times*, which lately reduced its price to one cent, begins to brag, as might be expected, of the great increase of its circulation. The experiment of the *Times* is interesting to observers of the conditions of the newspaper business as a test of the real taste of newspaper readers. Heretofore in New York a reduction of price by a big morning paper to one cent has been accompanied by an outburst of "popular features," such as cheap pictures and highly sensational reporting. The *Times*, so far, maintains the same quality and character that it had as a three-cent paper. If it continue to maintain that quality, and can demonstrate by actual experiment that there is as large a demand for a sanely conducted penny paper as for one that has chronic hysteria, the conclusion will be very creditable to the public taste and will justify its cost.

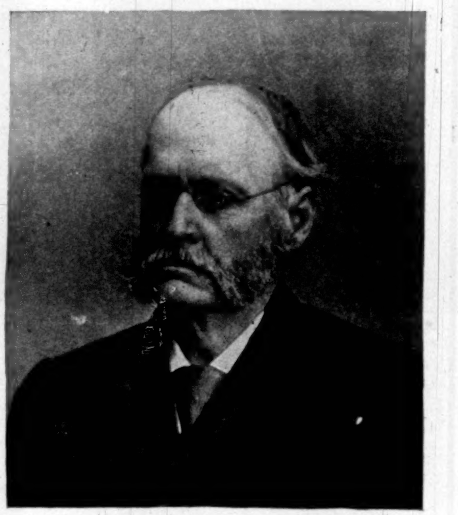
We, the people of the United States, had a fire on Sunday afternoon, November 6, in our Capitol at Washington. A violent explosion of gas in a small room under the hall on which the law library of the Supreme Court opens wrecked the floor above it, and was followed by an outbreak of fire, which did some damage to the law library, and also to the old Senate-Chamber, in which the Supreme Court now holds its sittings. The firemen came promptly and put the fire out, and the newspapers tell us that, though the Supreme Court will be turned out of its room for a month, our losses are not important, and can be made good for $5000 or $10,000. Some of the books in the library were damaged by fire or water, and will need new bindings, but no valuable papers were burned, and no harm befell our paintings, busts, or the interesting old furniture of the justices' robing-room. Thanks to the selection of Sunday as the day of the explosion, no one was hurt.

The controlling sentiment about the loss of the *Maria Teresa* was that it was a bit of very hard luck for Lieutenant Hobson that, after he had been at such pains to bring her up from the bottom of the sea, she should not have kept afloat. On Tuesday, November 1, being on her way from Guantanamo to Norfolk, under command of Lieutenant-Commander Ira Harris, in company with the collier *Leonidas*, and in tow of the wrecking-tugs *Vulcan* and *Merritt*, she was abandoned in a heavy northeast gale, about thirty miles north of San Salvador. All her crew were taken off and saved. Commander Harris reached Charleston on the *Merritt* on November 5, and reported his loss to the Navy Department. According to his report, the storm began about one o'clock on the morning of November 1. As it increased and the sea rose, the ship leaked badly, and the sea broke over her bows, making trouble for the forward pumps. Then water got into the forward fire-room, swashing the coal about and choking more pumps. It became difficult to keep up a serviceable amount of steam, and the mariners passed a laborious and very disagreeable night. About one o'clock P.M. Commander Harris determined that the ship was no longer tenable, and began to transfer his men to the *Merritt*. This was accomplished with great labor. At 5.30 the *Vulcan*, which up to that time had towed the *Maria Teresa*, slipped her hawser and cast her off. The *Merritt* then lost sight of the war-ship, and could not find her again, though twenty hours were spent in a search for her.

On Monday, November 7, a report reached New York that a steamer with two funnels, believed to be the *Maria Teresa*, was ashore on Cat Island. The report being confirmed, the *Vulcan* was sent from Norfolk, under command of Captain McCalla, and the *Potomac* from Guantanamo, in charge of Captain Converse, to investigate and take action. Lieutenant Hobson went with the *Vulcan* to get his old friend afloat again if she is found.

One result of the election that we have reason to be thankful for is the defeat of James Hamilton Lewis, of Washington State, Fusionist candidate for Congress. Lewis, whose portrait made a memorable appearance in the Weekly last spring, is a political blatherskite, who believes in advertising, and would far rather be known as a fool than not known at all. There are good and sensible people in the State of Washington who must feel relieved by the assurance that after next March they will no longer be represented in Congress by a mountebank.

It is evident from the verdict of the coroner's jury on the death of Harold Frederic that the British mind lacks the imaginative powers which would qualify it to deal with Christian Science in a manner satisfactory to Christian Scientists. The doctors whom the coroner summoned testified that Mr. Frederic had heart-disease and rheumatic fever, but would in all human probability have got over his illness if he had had proper care. The evidence was that he was too ill to take the responsibility for his own treatment, and that Mrs. Mills and Miss Lyon, who assumed that responsibility, had neglected to call in medical aid, and had themselves done nothing for him which the jury was able to regard as useful. The verdict was manslaughter. The accused were committed for trial and admitted to bail. Next day, November 9, they were arraigned in the police court at Henley and remanded for a week. There is much interest in the case in this country, and its issue will be watched with close attention. Mrs. Mills was examined by the coroner as to her theories, and made glib statements of them which absolutely failed to convey any ideas to the minds of the coroner or his jury. A theory of the ascendency of mind over matter and of truth over error may never appeal to the British mind as a satisfactory preliminary to a funeral.



HON. DAVID AMES WELLS.
Born, June 17, 1828. Died, November 5, 1898.—[See Page 1123.]

The unsettled state of Europe has caused the German Emperor to cut short his visit in Palestine, and at this writing he is on his way home. His intention of stopping at some port of Spain is matter of much speculation. Only the sons of the prophets can speak with assurance in advance about William's purposes, but a despatch from Madrid, dated November 10, declares positively that he will land at Cartagena, visit Madrid, and take ship again at Cadiz; that he and the Empress will travel incognito while in Spain, and that his visit is expected to have important political consequences. A despatch from Berlin dated November 11 states that he will not leave his yacht.

On November 9 the Emperor was at Damascus, and went to a banquet, where he spoke highly of Saladin, and assured the Mohammedans of his imperial friendship. Among the more conspicuous political results of his tour have been the strengthening of his friendship with the Sultan, the propping up of the Sultan's throne, the weakening of the prestige of France as the protector of Catholics in the East, the placation of German Catholics by his gift of the Blessed Virgin's former residence to the Pope, and the gratification of German Protestants by the acquisition of important trade privileges in the East. German merchants, it seems, are to have the commercial port at Haidar Pacha; the German railway from Bagdad to the Mediterranean is to be completed; the construction of a new railroad to connect the Sea of Marmora with the Persian Gulf is to fall into German hands; and the outlook for German commercial supremacy in Asia Minor is extremely promising. Besides all else, the Kaiser has undoubtedly had a first-rate time, and has advanced in an important degree his claim to rank as the Theodore Roosevelt of Europe. It is a great year for the political centre rushes; and so England seems to feel, judging by the vigorous way in which she still continues to scour her war-ships, and fill them with fighting-men and coal and victuals.

The most conspicuous result of the election is a large Republican loss in the House and a very important Republican gain in the Senate. In the Fifty-fifth Congress, which lasts until next March, the Republicans have controlled the House by a majority of about fifty, but were weak in the Senate, and unable to command a majority for all party measures. In the Fifty-sixth Congress, beginning March 4, 1899, the Republicans will have a majority of about twenty in the House and a majority of from twenty to twenty-five in the Senate. This strong Republican majority in the Senate is reasonably sure to outlast the present administration, and is a safeguard against free-silver legislation for a good many years to come. The States in which the Republican Congressional losses occurred were Illinois (three), Kentucky (one), Maryland (two), Massachusetts (two), Missouri (one), New Jersey (two), New York (thirteen), North Carolina (one), Pennsylvania (seven), Virginia (four), West Virginia (one)—in all thirty-seven members. The States in which the Republicans gained Congressmen were California (three), Delaware (one), Kansas (five), Michigan (two), Nebraska (one), Ohio (one), South Dakota (two), Washington (two)—in all seventeen. Populism in Kansas has been overwhelmed. Quayism is doubtless responsible for Republican losses in the Congressional districts, though Quay's candidate for Governor, Stone, was elected by a plurality estimated at 125,000. Greater New York elected a solid body of sixteen Democratic Congressmen. Two others were elected in other districts of the State, so that eighteen out of New York's thirty-four coming Congressmen are Democrats. Roosevelt's election as Governor of New York by a plurality of 17,634 is accompanied by the election of a Republican Legislature, which insures a Republican successor to Senator Murphy. Other Senators who will lose their seats and will have Republican successors are White of California, Gray of Delaware, Turpie of Indiana, Smith of New Jersey, Roach of North Dakota, Mitchell of Wisconsin, and Clark of Wyoming.

The beauties of the triumphal arch and rostral columns of the court of honor set up in Philadelphia for the recent peace jubilee are reported to have induced aspirations among the Philadelphians for a permanent reminder of the set-to we had with Spain. The T-Square Club, an organization of architects, approves the idea, and has started a fund for its realization. New York owes its Washington Arch to the public delight in a temporary arch set up for a special occasion. Perhaps Philadelphia may conclude to preserve one of her jubilee structures in marble.

The presidency of Oberlin University has been offered to Dr. John Henry Barrows, a distinguished preacher of Chicago, who lately returned to that town after a missionary lecturing tour in India, China, and Japan. Dr. Barrows is one of the eminent clergymen whose names have lately got into print as possible successors of Dr. Hall in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York. He is a native of Michigan, fifty-one years old, and, besides being pastor of a church in Chicago, is a member of the faculty of the Chicago University, and a lecturer in its Divinity School.

Election brought out very serious rioting between negroes and whites in North and South Carolina. It is still difficult to get at the correct details of these occurrences, or to discover all the immediate causes of them, but the gross results in dead men are conspicuously considerable. As the results of election riots near Greenwood, South Carolina, about a dozen negroes and half as many white men are reported dead, and many others are wounded. Some of the negroes were shot; others were hanged. Still more serious, if possible, were the proceedings in Wilmington, North Carolina. In that city a newspaper, the *Record*, edited by a negro, published an article derogatory to white women. A mass-meeting of white citizens, called on November 9, ordered his expulsion from the city within twenty-four hours and the removal of his press. A committee of twenty-five appointed by the meeting called in fifteen prominent negroes and gave them notice of the meeting's edict. It appears that they agreed to try to comply with the demands of the committee, but their letter to that effect, being mailed instead of personally delivered to the committee's chairman, was not received in time. The editor of the *Record* ran away; but no action being taken about his press within the specified time, a mob of white citizens, led by former Congressman Waddell, proceeded, on November 10, to destroy the *Record's* press and gut its printing-office. Incidentally the mob burned the building. These proceedings agitated the negroes of the town, who feared a general massacre and began to get together. Fighting soon ensued between negroes and whites, and continued briskly during the day. About a score of negroes were killed and several whites. In the evening the Board of Aldermen resigned, one by one, the place of each being filled by his colleagues. When the board had thus been renewed the Mayor and Chief of Police resigned, and their places were filled by the new Board of Aldermen. Then 250 special policemen were sworn in, and with their help and that of three militia companies the new government hopes to restore order.

There are about 10,000 Russians members of a sect called the Doukhoborski, for whom a home is wanted somewhere, if possible in this country. The newspapers told a fortnight ago of the arrival in New York of an Englishman, Mr. Mode, who came to confer with a little group of Americans about the prospects of these people. The Americans who are interested in the matter include Mr. Howells, Mr. W. L. Garrison, Mr. Bolton Hall, Miss Jane Addams, Mr. Ernest H. Crosby, Mr. J. N. Seligman, and others. Trouble began with the Doukhoborski a century and a half ago, when some one—it is said to have been an English Quaker—taught them the doctrine of non-resistance. With it they gained, or added to it, various other peculiar religious doctrines, which they believed and practised with contentment and satisfaction. But the Russian police discovered, about 1750, that their piety did not conform to Russian standards, and in 1799 active persecution of them began. They were banished to the mines of Siberia, and compelled to work in chains. Later, under Alexander I., discipline was relaxed, and they were allowed to hold farms in Siberia. But their unwillingness to bear arms got them into serious trouble, and subjected them to terrific punishments. In 1860 they were allowed to return to Russia, but have not been suffered to have any permanent abiding-place there, and have been driven from place to place, until their numbers have dwindled from 25,000 to 10,000. Very recently Tolstoi got leave for them to emigrate from Russia. They are poor, but industrious, and an effort is to be made to find some spot on earth where they may live in laborious enjoyment of the privilege of doing no man any harm.

E. S. Martin.

LONDON.

October 29, 1898.

A CARTOON in *Punch* representing France as an importunate organ-grinder with a monkey, asking John Bull what he would give him to go away, has been much condemned — in the press. I believe, however, that Mr. Burnand the editor, and Sir John Tenniel the veteran artist, have read the real mind of their undiplomatic countrymen with more perception than any of the newspaper critics. The average man, if he were honestly outspoken in public, undoubtedly does regard French government policy towards England in Egypt and elsewhere very much as the average householder views peripatetic musicians who trade on the desire for quiet in order to extort cash for the suppression of ear-splitting discords. The real reason for the unanimity of Englishmen to-day is that they are not only tired of the tail-twisting process indulged in by every French ministry, and resent successive concessions to people of that stamp, but despise the French in the mass as sincerely as when Nelson wrote to his wife on May 20, 1794, "I always was of opinion, have ever acted up to it, and never had any reason to repent it, that one Englishman is equal to three Frenchmen." Manners have improved and knowledge increased since then, and that sort of statement is no longer publicly avowed. But the conviction of serious and sober middle and working class Britons is still that the French in the mass are good dancers, fiddlers, and cooks, but that they have made themselves intolerable as neighbors, and that the time has come for England to give them a thrashing if they really wish to insist on their ridiculous pretensions with regard to the Nile Valley.

Still, war with France over Fashoda is looked on as a disagreeable necessity by the nation at large. There is no pleasure or sense of triumph among the people as a whole in their ability to whip France, but the prevailing sentiment is that they must stand firm against the claims of the French politicians. It is admitted that if there is a war it will benefit Germany and injure England, but probably break France as a leading power. It is understood that the Queen has relaxed her unflinching principles of peace at almost any price, and that Lord Salisbury has now a free hand.

The Queen is sincerely and deeply interested in Egypt and in the recovery of the Sudan to civilization and peace. General Gordon's abandonment and murder affected her Majesty personally. She shed many bitter tears over the catastrophe at Khartum thirteen years ago. Gordon's Bible, marked with his own hand, is a conspicuous object in the Long Gallery at Windsor, and is looked on by her Majesty as one of her most priceless possessions. The Queen, who is naturally well informed about everything, knows that our neighbors, the French, with all their good qualities, are not remarkable for success in their dealing with savage tribes. Indeed, a revelation recently made by a French army surgeon, of the conduct of the French in Senegal, Tonkin, and other French possessions, makes it strongly desirable that the valley of the Nile should be developed by clean-living and healthy-minded Anglo-Saxons and Anglo-Celts.

I have spared no pains to ascertain the truth about the prospects of a naval war with France if it were to break out now. Of course the unknown is a factor upon which it is idle to prophesy; but naval efficiency, the respective merits of vessels of war, the training and number of crews, marksmanship, national temperament, and coolness in action are factors which are known on both sides of the Channel and can be assessed with something like accuracy. Without going into any of the elaborate detail placed before me by the authorities I have consulted, it may be said that, on a moderate estimate of the chances of war with England, France will be virtually beaten in six weeks, although that result is not necessarily equivalent to peace. She would fight heroically, but her coasts, her colonies, her great naval cities, and her fleet would be at the mercy of England.

Sober-minded people are fully alive to the fact that the settlement of the Fashoda question with France has not removed standing troubles with that country. The Newfoundland French shore is a question that will shortly come to the front. There are many others. But whatever dispute takes place between England and France in the near future, provided we have a good case, it will not be England that will retire. If France wants war she can have it. Many people, not jingoes by conviction or heredity, consider that the psychological moment has arrived to settle up all our differences with France in Egypt, Africa, Newfoundland, New Guinea, Siam, and everywhere else. At the same time there is a prevailing sense that it would not be quite fair on the part of England to take advantage of French distractions in order to put an end to the French nagging to which Britannia has been subjected for the last fifteen years. With our fleet in its present state of efficiency we are never more likely than to-day to be in a better position to inflict condign punishment upon France with slighter loss to ourselves. It would, however, be contrary both to instinct and tradition to pick a quarrel for the purpose of declaring war. What will be done, therefore, is to take our stand on our rights.

The inherent love of peace in these islands sustains interest in the Tsar's proposals, which still continue to occupy unofficial attention. I learn from Russia that the conference will not consider burning questions. The churches, advanced Liberals, and humanitarians, in their enthusiasm, generally omit two matters which bear upon the Russian Eirenikon. The first point is that in any question of present or future disarmament the subtraction of equals from unequals gives an unequal remainder, and that therefore the result must favor the strongest powers and thus facilitate aggressive wars. The other point is that Russia has been in the past strongly in favor of altering the usages of war, nominally for humane purposes, but practically with the object of placing obstacles in the way of patriotic resistance to the parties attacked. I have previously mentioned the tentative Conference of 1874, held at Brussels. The delay (now ended) in the reply of England to the Tsar's proposal of 1898 is not improbably based on the precedent of 1875, when England, in common with the other great powers, received a proposal from the Russian government to a formal conference at St. Petersburg for the purpose of considering ruling practice on the points at issue in the usages of war. Lord Derby then bluntly declared, as Foreign Secretary, that the projected code of war urged by Russia was likely to favor the strongest party and to facilitate aggressive wars. There is a secular conflict between the Tsar, who is invariably pacific, and his advisers on foreign affairs, who are invariably ambitious and expansionist. Germany and Austria have, no doubt, the strongest desire to meet the wishes of Nicholas II. in the matter of disarmament, but the Conference of 1899 seems likely to break down on precisely the same ground as the abortive attempt of 1875—namely, on the question as to whether naval warfare, which at the Brussels Conference of 1874 was expressly excluded from the deliberations, should on the coming occasion be included among the subjects of discussion and regulated in a manner contrary to the interests of the Anglo-Saxon race.

At such a time as the present the weight of the chief organs of the English press, as exercised on the side of vigorous action, is probably a matter of interest across the Atlantic. I do not claim that the following summary analysis of the chief organs of public opinion is either exhaustive or omniscient, but it may stand, at all events, as impartial. The *Times* is a British institution, and, like other British institutions, it has survived many revolutions by continually adapting itself to the spirit of the age. The policy of the *Times*, since it possessed a policy at all, has been to stand firm for England; to denounce fraud, cant, and pretence; to protect the poor, defend just rights, and to redress real grievances. In following this policy the *Times* has often allied itself with the weaker side, and has sometimes found itself in the wrong. But, taken as a whole, the leading articles of the *Times* on grave national questions, such as that of Egypt, are certainly the weightiest, as they are distinctly the most moderate, declarations of English opinion. This paper, which has peculiar advantages in dealing with Egyptian questions, has never once screamed over Fashoda. Mr. Moberly Bell, the manager, who is currently credited with the chief share in wielding the thunder-bolts of Printing House Square, was long resident in Egypt, where he was engaged in commerce and at the same time represented the *Times* as its correspondent. He occasionally engages in controversy under a *nom de plume*, but has never yet known defeat. His knowledge of foreign affairs, and particularly of the Near East, is remarkable. There is a note of distinction in the manner in which the sedate traditions of the *Times*, in these days of hurry and flurry, are still maintained. The undertone of the articles that are now appearing, notwithstanding their calmness and courtesy, are noticeably hostile to France. The conductors of the *Times* know, behind the scenes, the maddening provocations to which English rulers in Egypt have been subjected by the French during the last fifteen years, and if there are now many men convinced that the time has arrived when the pretensions of France should be abated, it is due to the good taste as well as to the purpose and moderation with which the *Times* for a long series of years has dealt with our volatile neighbors. In well-known periods Kinglake has described the power and depravity of the *Times*. The historian attributed to the leading journal responsibility for the Crimean war. Whatever may be the justice meted out by Kinglake to the *Times*, there is no doubt that the paper is making history to-day in its resolve to pin Lord Salisbury to the attitude of inflexible determination which he has at last permitted himself to assume.

In point of authority the next most important journal is the infant *Daily Mail*, published at one cent, with an alleged circulation of over half a million daily. The *Daily Mail* is a marvel of sub-editing. Its foreign correspondence is sometimes of the best, at others beneath criticism. Its reputation in this department has steadily risen since Mr. G. W. Steevens, in his recent letters from the Sudan, obliterated the demarcation between literature and journalism. The leading articles of the *Daily Mail*, however, carry little weight. They bear marks of haste and of being the product of many minds and of young or half-informed men. Nor are they consistent. One explanation of these defects is said to be the overcrowding necessary in the editorial department until the new premises on the Thames Embankment are ready for occupation. The *Daily Mail's* articles, however defective in form or lacking in cogency, are never partisan. The *Daily Mail* is an Imperial organ, with a strong leaning to Mr. Rhodes, sometimes displayed with more zeal than knowledge. It has admittedly injured its older rivals, and as a political force is not to be ignored. Next to the *Times*, Frenchmen quote the *Daily Mail* as representative of English opinion. It is controlled by Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, a modern marvel of organization and commercial courage. Whether his great fortune supports or is augmented by the *Daily Mail* is unknown to the public.

The *Daily Telegraph* is the property of Sir Edward Lawson and his family, who acquired it with his uncle, Mr. Levy. The *Daily Telegraph* is strongly patriotic, bright, and up to date. Since the loss of Mr. George Augustus Sala and the rise of the *Daily Mail*, the influence of the *Daily Telegraph* has declined. Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Le Sage, and Mr. Beatty Kingston are understood to be largely responsible for the production of the *Daily Telegraph*. The recent Egyptian and Sudan telegrams of Mr. Bennett Burleigh tended to the restoration of the paper to its old position, but newspaper men who accept titles from government necessarily lose weight with half the reading public.

The *Daily Chronicle* is a curious melange of opposing forces. The editor, Mr. H. W. Massingham, is lovable and idealist. Quick to appreciate the tendencies of public opinion, and humanitarian to his finger-tips, strict political consistency is not his strong point, but the lack of it adds to the zest of his writings. He is always to be found on the side of the oppressed and the needy, and he is generally "agin'" the government, whichever side is in power. Collectivist in sentiment and opinion, the *Daily Chronicle* often runs counter to the economic individualism of the British Philistine, but the services it has performed in educating the tax-payers to bear the burdens incident to the possession of a strong navy, and the unusual knowledge of foreign affairs possessed by Mr. Henry Norman, the second in command, make the *Daily Chronicle* one of the most interesting, if not the most insular, vehicles of public opinion. Mr. Massingham's recent exposure of the impostor de Rougemont, or Grin, is an example of his versatility and analytical power. De Rougemont having been accepted as a lecturer by the British Association, Mr. Massingham's score has attracted world-wide attention.

The *Daily News* is the official Liberal paper, and supports the Rosebery section of the party. At one time Mr. Labouchere had a share in this journal, but is understood to have parted with it. Mr. E. T. Cook, formerly of the *Westminster Gazette*, is the scholarly editor. Mr. Cook has one of the most wonderful memories of any public man of his time. I have known him listen for half an hour to a long and complicated statement of facts without taking a note, and reproduce it without a single mistake. In addition to memory, Mr. Cook has scholarship, culture, and imagination. The *Daily News* is an exceedingly proper paper. Mr. Herbert Paul, formerly a member of Parliament, and gifted with a mordant pen, is a force which makes the leading articles in the *Daily News* a living power. Mr. Paul's pen portraitures of some Liberal politicians are some of the cleverest productions of English journalism. The *Daily News* is largely read by nonconformists, but its influence is not now equal to that of its erratic but more brilliant competitor, the *Daily Chronicle*. On Fashoda the *Daily News* has supported the government.

The *Morning Post* is the property of Lord Glenesk, once Sir Algernon Borthwick. The note of the *Morning Post* is aristocratic, and in many great houses the ladies of the family read nothing but Lord Glenesk's paper. It is a great property, since the cooks, valets, and ladies' maids in London obtain their situations through its advertisement columns. Mr. Spencer Wilkinson, who ranks as one of the best civilian experts on strategy and armaments who have caught the public ear, is a prominent contributor to the *Post*, and hence some of the most powerful appeals to the public and to the ministry for stronger armaments and greater firmness in foreign policy are found in the columns of the *Morning Post*. Correspondence is a feature of the paper, but, as a whole, it preaches to the converted and carries little weight in the country.

Of the evening papers, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, owned by Mr. Astor and edited by Sir Douglas Straight, is the most liberal pennyworth. Nothing is stinted. Sir Douglas Straight has recently performed a considerable service both to journalism and the community by exposing the system of newspaper bribes offered by city men of a certain class. The particular case involved was that of a company of which Lord Dufferin is chairman. Much to the surprise of the public, the former Viceroy of India and Canada and the ex-ambassador to Paris has not yet resigned his position in the company in question. The *Pall Mall* has the knack of getting news earlier than its rivals. Mr. Gladstone's retirement, the Anglo-German agreement, and the result of Thursday's cabinet council are cases in point.

The *Globe* is published on pink paper, and, being edited by an ex-lieutenant in the navy and the son of the proprietor, Sir G. Armstrong, is one of the most outspoken of the journals against the enemies of its country. The *Globe's* Rabelaisian references to France, and especially to the gallant Major Marchand, during the present crisis have been more remarkable for vigor than for taste. Still the *Globe* is, as a rule, extremely well edited, and abounds in a certain dry humor which is rarer in these days than when Addison wrote for the *Spectator*.

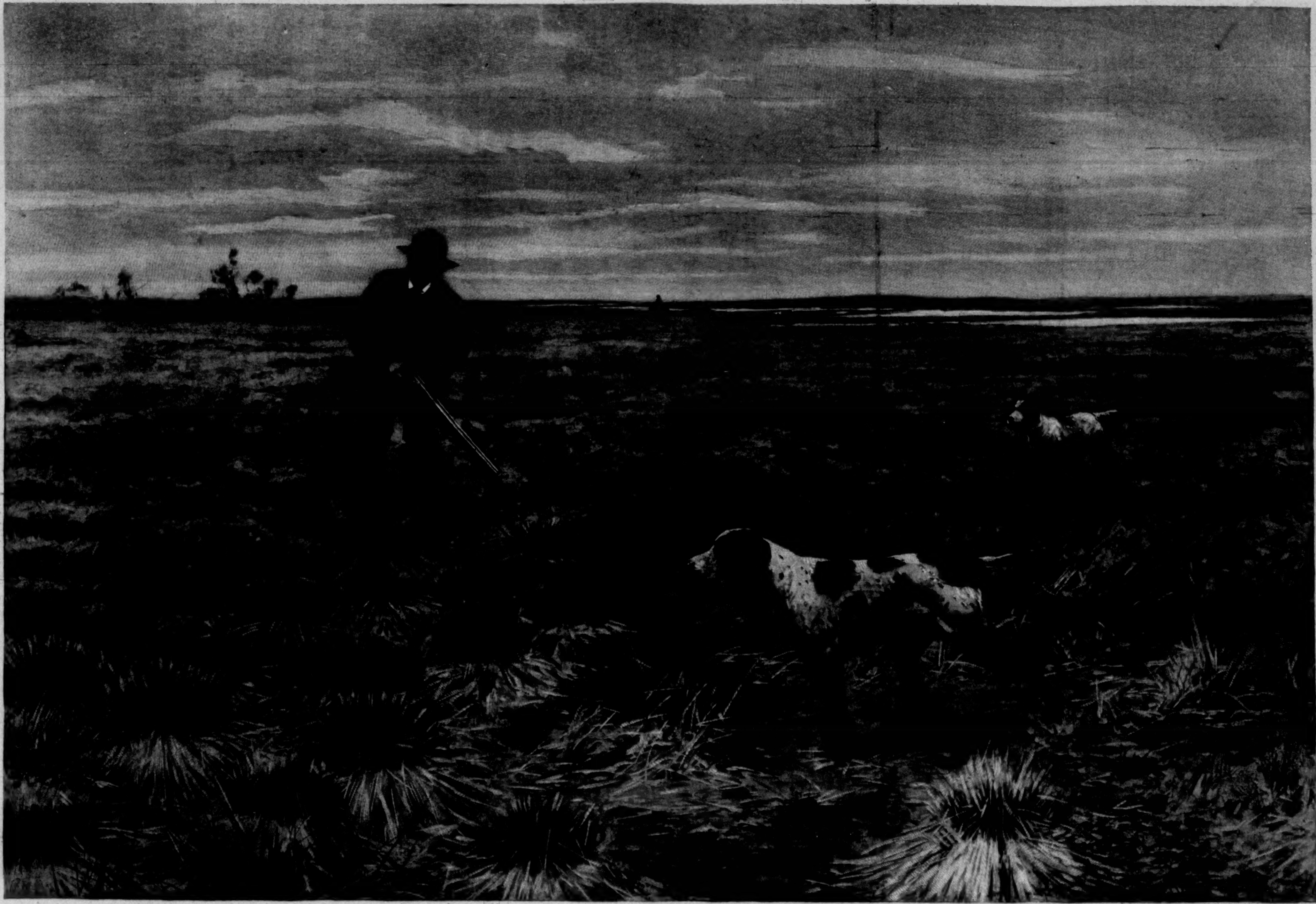
The *St. James's Gazette* is owned by a foreigner and follows strict Conservative lines. The *Westminster Gazette* is a Liberal journal published on green paper, owned by Sir George Newnes, the newspaper king, and edited by Mr. Spender, who is probably the ablest of the editors of the evening journals. For sheer influence on public opinion I consider Mr. Spender's verdant sheet to exceed that of his more popular rivals. It has a biting common-sense that takes with the average man.

Of the weekly papers, the *Spectator* is easily first. Through the influence and abilities of the late R. H. Hutton, who probably exercised more power and influenced more opinion than any man outside the cabinet, the *Spectator* acquired a reputation for calm sagacity and philosophic analysis of burning questions which it has not wholly lost under the control of Mr. St. Loe Strachey.

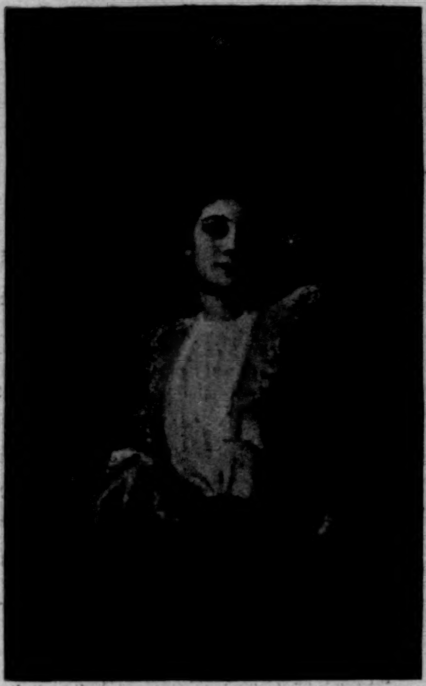
A prominent example of the keener interest now felt in American affairs exists in the fact that the investigation of HARPER'S WEEKLY into the condition of "wide-open" New York under Tammany rule was telegraphed over here in considerable detail. The municipality of New York is of greater interest to English readers than that of any other city outside the empire; and the intrepid public spirit displayed by the WEEKLY is warmly appreciated.

The late Emperor of Russia, whose passion for peace was his most distinguishing characteristic, was much attached to the late Queen of Denmark, his mother-in-law. Never having been educated for the throne, the burdens and cares of autocracy sat heavily upon him. The late Queen of Denmark had a shrewd tongue, and was wont to exercise it on her numerous and powerful connections. As a mother-in-law she was not deficient in those qualities attributed by barbarian and civilized nations alike to the mother of a man's wife. The Prince of Wales has not visited the Danish Court except at rare intervals. With the late Russian Emperor it was different. He enjoyed his annual visit to Fredensborg as the happiest period of his year, and his zest was enhanced by the way in which he was taken to task by his mother-in-law, who vigorously scolded him when his actions did not, in her opinion, achieve the standard she laid down for her sons-in-law. I was told on one occasion, when the Tsar was in Copenhagen, by a high functionary at the Danish Court, that the late Russian Emperor was probably the only man in Europe who looked forward to his mother-in-law's annual scoldings as one of the keenest pleasures of his life. His late Majesty was rebuked by nobody else. The contrast was novel; and to an autocrat luxurious.

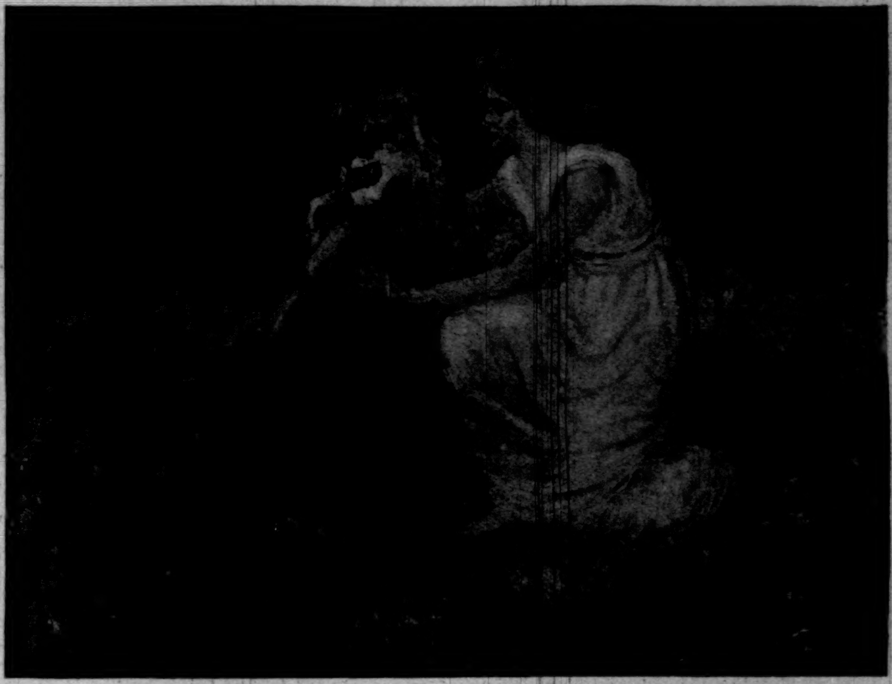
ARNOLD WHITE.



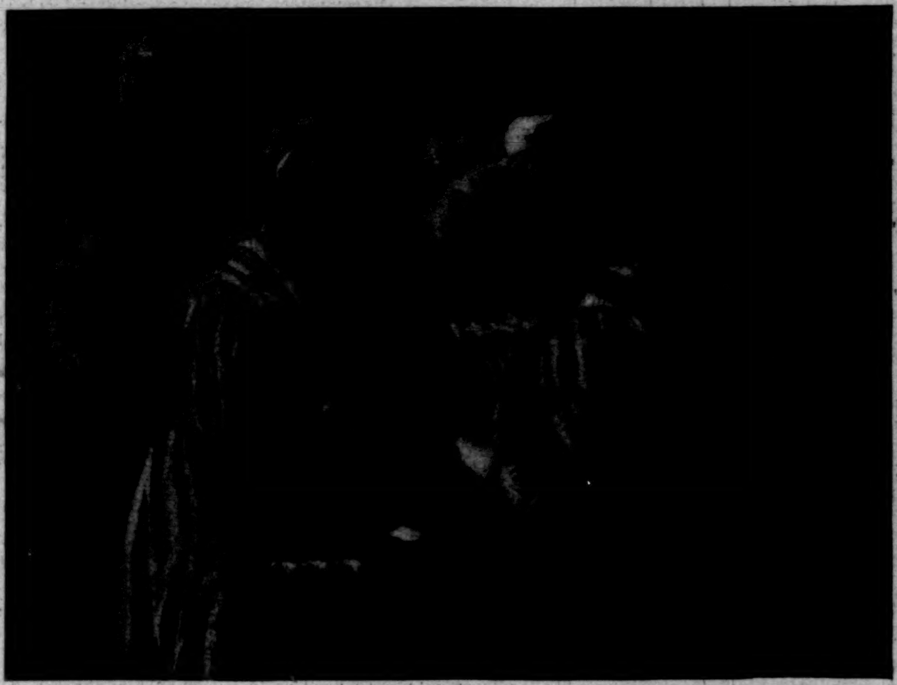
SNIPE-SHOOTING.—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.



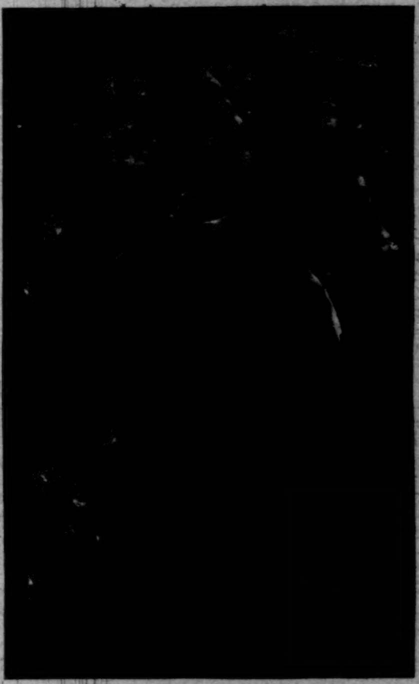
PORTRAIT OF MISS E.—Benjamin Eggleston.



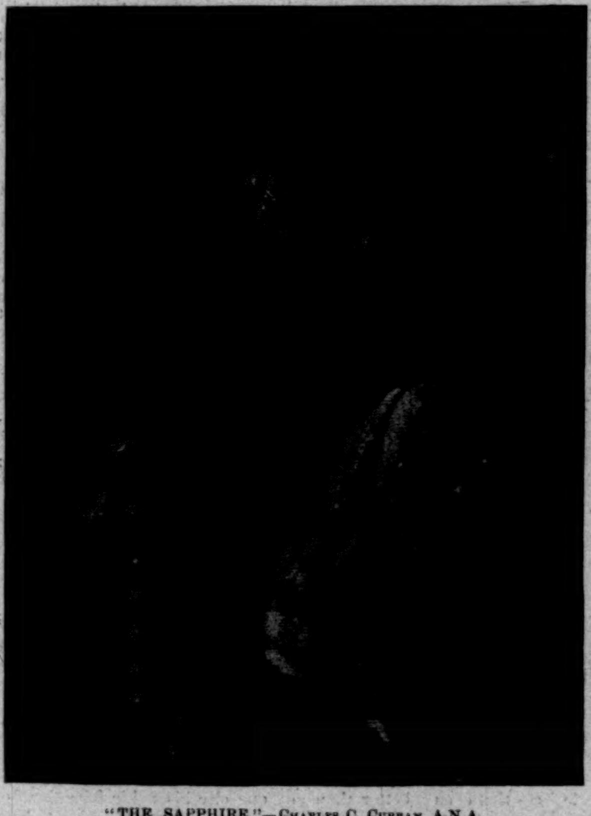
"UNRECONCILED."—F. S. Church, N. A.



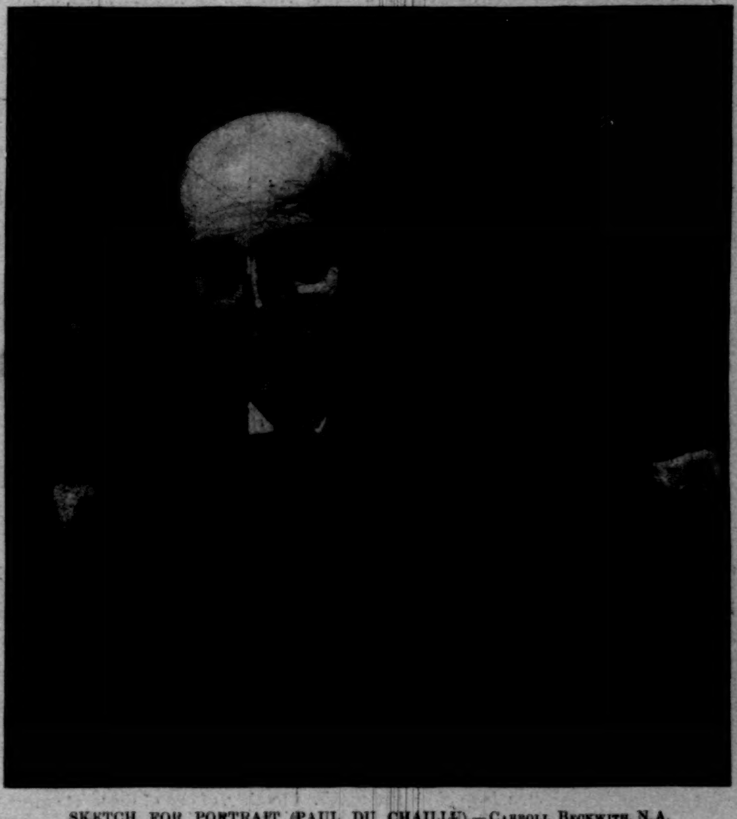
"READING HER FUTURE."—Harry Roseland.



"DAY-DREAMS."—Irving R. Wiles, N. A.



"THE SAPPHIRE."—Charles C. Curran, A.N.A.



SKETCH FOR PORTRAIT (PAUL DU CHAILLU).—Carroll Beckwith, N.A.

AT THE SEVENTEENTH AUTUMN EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

Photographs taken especially for "Harper's Weekly."—[See Page 1135.]

THE AWKWARD AGE.[*]

A Novel.

BY HENRY JAMES,

AUTHOR OF "DAISY MILLER," "AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE," ETC.

XVIII.

"WOULD you," the Duchess said, "be, for five minutes, awfully kind to my poor little niece?" The words were addressed, in charming entreaty, to Mr. Longdon who, issuing from the house late on the Sunday afternoon—the second evening of his stay, which the next morning was to bring to an end—encountered the speaker at one of the extremities of the wide cool terrace. There was at this point a subsidiary flight of steps by which she had just mounted from the grounds, one of her purposes being apparently to testify afresh to that anxious supervision of little Aggie from which she had momentarily suffered herself to be diverted. This young lady, established, in the pleasant shade, on a sofa, of light construction, designed for the open air, offered the image of a patience of which it was a questionable kindness to break the spell. It was that beautiful hour when, towards the close of the happiest days of summer, such places as the great terrace at Mertle present to the fancy a recall of the banquet-hall deserted—deserted by the company lately gathered at tea and now dispersed, according to affinities and combinations promptly felt and perhaps quite as promptly criticised, either in quieter chambers where intimacy might deepen or in gardens and under trees where the stillness knew the click of balls and the good-humor of games. There had been chairs, on the terrace, pushed about; there were ungathered teacups on the level top of the parapet; the servants in fact, in the manner of "hands" mustered by a whistle on the deck of a ship, had just arrived to restore things to an order soon again to be broken. There were scattered couples in sight below and an idle group on the lawn, out of the midst of which, in spite of its detachment, somebody was sharp enough sometimes to cry "Out!" The high daylight was still in the sky, but with just the foreknowledge, already, of the long golden glow in which the many-voiced caw of the rooks would sound at once sociable and sad. There was a great deal, all about, to be aware of and to look at, but little Aggie had her eyes on a book over which her pretty head was bent with a docility visible even from afar. "I've a friend—down there by the lake—to go back to," the Duchess went on, "and I'm on my way to my room to get a letter that I've promised to show him. I shall immediately bring it down, and then, in a few minutes, be able to relieve you. I don't leave her alone too much—one doesn't, you know, in a house full of people, a child of that age. Besides"—and Mr. Longdon's interlocutress was even more confiding—"I do want you, so very intensely, to know her. You, *par exemple*, you're what I *should* like to give her." Mr. Longdon looked the Duchess, in acknowledgment of her appeal, straight in the face, and who can tell whether or no she acutely guessed from his expression that he recognized this particular juncture as written on the page of his doom?—whether she heard him inaudibly say "Ah, here it is; I knew it would have to come!" She would at any rate have been astute enough, had this miracle occurred, quite to complete his sense for her own understanding and suffer it to make no difference in the tone in which she still confronted him. "Oh, I take the bull by the horns—I know you haven't wanted to know me. If you had you would have called on me—I've given you plenty of hints and little coughs. Now, you see, I don't cough any more—I just rush at you and grab you. You don't call on me—so I call on *you*. There isn't any indecency, moreover, that I won't commit for my child."

Mr. Longdon's impenetrability crashed like glass at the elbow-touch of this large, handsome, practised woman who walked, for him, like some brazen pagan goddess, in a cloud of queer legend. He looked off at her child, who, at a distance, and not hearing them, had not moved. "I know she's a great friend of Nanda's."

"Has Nanda told you that?"

"Often—taking such an interest in her."

"I'm glad she thinks so then—though really her interests are so various. But come to my baby. I don't make *her* come," she explained as she swept him along, "because I want you just to sit down by her there and keep the place, as one may say—"

"Well, for whom?" he demanded as she stopped.

It was her step that had checked itself, as well as her tongue, and again, suddenly, they stood quite consciously and vividly opposed. "Can I trust you?" the Duchess brought out. Again then she took herself up. "But as if I weren't already doing it! It's because I do trust you so utterly that I haven't been able, any longer, to keep my hands off you. The person I want the place for is none other than Mitchy himself, and half my occupation now is to get it properly kept for him. Lord Petherton's immensely kind, but Lord Petherton can't do everything. I know you really like our host—"

Mr. Longdon, at this, interrupted her with a certain coldness. "How, may I ask, do you know it?"

But with a brazen goddess to deal with—! This personage had to fix him but an instant. "Because, you dear honest man, you're here. You wouldn't be if you hated him, for you don't practically condone—"

This time he broke in with his eyes on the child. "I feel, on the contrary, I assure you, that I condone a great deal."

"Well, don't boast of your cynicism," she laughed, "till you're sure of all it covers. Let the right thing for you be," she went on, "that Nanda herself wants it."

"Nanda herself?" He continued to watch little Aggie, who had never yet turned her head. "I'm afraid I don't understand you."

She swept him on again. "I'll come to you presently and explain. I *must* get my letter for Petherton; after which I'll give up Mitchy, whom I was going to find, and, since I've broken the ice—if it isn't too much to say to such a polar bear!—I'll show you *le fond de ma pensée*. Baby darling," she said to her niece, "keep Mr. Longdon. Show him," she benevolently suggested, "what you've been reading." Then again to her fellow-visitor, as arrested by this very question: "Caro signore, have *you* a possible book?"

Little Aggie had got straight up and was holding out her volume, which Mr. Longdon, all courtesy for her, glanced at. "*Stories from English History*. Oh!"

His ejaculation, though vague, was not such as to prevent the girl from venturing gently: "Have you read it?"

Mr. Longdon, receiving her pure little smile, showed he felt that he had never so taken her in as at this moment, and also that she was a person with whom he should surely get on. "I think I must have."

Little Aggie was still more encouraged, but not to the point of keeping anything back. "It hasn't any author. It's anonymous."

The Duchess borrowed, for another question to Mr. Longdon, not a little of her gravity. "Is it all right?"

"I don't know"—his answer was to Aggie. "There have been some horrid things in English history."

"Oh, horrid—*haven't* there?" Aggie, whose speech had the prettiest, faintest foreignness, sweetly and eagerly quavered.

"Well, darling, Mr. Longdon will recommend to you some nice historical work—for we love history, don't we?—that leaves the horrors out. We like to know," the Duchess explained to the authority she invoked, "the cheerful, happy, *right* things. There are so many, after all, and this is the place to remember them. *À tantôt.*"

As she passed into the house by the nearest of the long windows that stood open Mr. Longdon placed himself beside her little charge, whom he treated, for the next ten minutes, with an exquisite courtesy. A person who knew him well would, if present at the scene, have found occasion in it to be freshly aware that he was, in his quiet way, master of two distinct kinds of urbanity, the kind that added to distance and the kind that diminished it. Such an analyst would furthermore have noted, in respect to the aunt and the niece, of which kind each had the benefit, and might even have gone so far as to detect in him some absolute betrayal of the impression produced on him by his actual companion, some irradiation of his certitude that, from the point of view under which she had been formed, she was a remarkable, a rare success. Since to create a particular little rounded and tinted innocence had been aimed at, the fruit had been grown to the perfection of a peach on a sheltered wall, and this quality of the object resulting from a process might well make him feel himself in contact with something wholly new. Little Aggie differed from any young person he had ever met in that she had been deliberately prepared for consumption and in that, furthermore, the gentleness of her spirit had immensely helped the preparation. Nanda, beside her, was a northern savage, and the reason was partly that the elements of that young lady's nature were already, were publicly, were almost indecorously, active. They were practically there, for good or for ill; experience was still to come and what they might work out to still a mystery; but the sum would get itself done with the figures now on the slate. On little Aggie's slate the figures were yet to be written; which sufficiently accounted for the difference of the two surfaces. Both the girls struck him as lambs with the great shambles of life in their future; but while one, with its neck in a pink ribbon, had no consciousness but that of being fed from the hand with the small sweet biscuit of unobjectionable knowledge, the other struggled with instincts and forebodings, with the suspicion of its doom and the far-borne scent, in the flowery fields, of blood.

"Oh, Nanda, she's my best friend after three or four others."

"After so many?" Mr. Longdon laughed. "Don't you think that's rather a back seat, as they say, for one's best?"

"A back seat?"—she wondered with a purity!

"If you don't understand," said her companion, "it serves me right, as your aunt didn't leave me with you to teach you the slang of the day."

"The 'slang'?"—she again spotlessly speculated.

"You've never even heard the expression? I should think that a great compliment to our time if it weren't that I fear it may have been only the name that has been kept from you."

The light of ignorance in the child's smile was positively golden. "The name?" she again echoed.

She understood too little—he gave it up. "And who are all the other best friends whom poor Nanda comes after?"

"Well, there's my aunt, and Miss Merriman, and Gelsomina, and Dr. Beltram."

"And who, please, is Miss Merriman?"

"She's my governess, don't you know?—but such a deliciously easy governess."

"That, I suppose, is because she has such a deliciously easy pupil. And who is Gelsomina?" Mr. Longdon inquired.

"She's my old nurse—my old maid."

"I see. Well, one must always be kind to old maids. But who is Dr. Beltram?"

"Oh, the most intimate friend of all. We tell him everything."

There was, for Mr. Longdon, in this, with a slight uncertainty, an effect of drollery. "Your little troubles?"

"Ah, they're not always so little! And he takes them all away."

"Always?—on the spot?"

"Sooner or later," said little Aggie with serenity. "But why not?"

"Why not indeed?" he laughed. "It must be very plain sailing." Decidedly, she was, as Nanda had said, an angel, and there was a wonder in her possession, on this footing, of one of the most expressive little faces that even her expressive race had ever shown him. Formed to express everything, it scarce expressed, as yet, even a consciousness. All the elements of play were in it, but they had nothing to play with. It was a rest moreover, after so much that he had lately been through, to be with a person for whom questions were so simple. "But he sounds, all the same, like the kind of doctor whom, as soon as one hears of him, one wants to send for."

The young girl had, at this, a small light of confusion. "Oh, I don't mean he's a doctor with medicine. He's a clergyman—and my aunt says he's a saint. I don't think you have many in England," little Aggie continued to explain.

"Many saints? I'm afraid not. Your aunt's very happy to know one. We should call Dr. Beltram, in England, a priest."

"Oh, but he's English. And he knows everything we do—and everything we think."

"'We'—your aunt, your governess and your nurse? What a varied wealth of knowledge!"

"Ah, Miss Merriman and Gelsomina tell him only what they like."

"And do you and the Duchess tell him what you *don't* like?"

"Oh, often—but we always like *him*—no matter what it is. And we know that, just the same, he always likes us."

"I see then, of course," said Mr. Longdon, very gravely now, "what a friend he must be. So it's after all this," he continued in a moment, "that Nanda comes in?"

His companion had to consider, but suddenly she caught assistance. "This one, I think, comes before." Lord Petherton, arriving apparently from the garden, had drawn near unobserved by Mr. Longdon, and the next moment was within hail. "I see him very often," she continued—"oftener than Nanda. Oh, but *then* Nanda. And then," little Aggie wound up, "Mr. Mitchy."

"Oh, I'm glad *he* comes in," Mr. Longdon returned, "though rather far down in the list." Lord Petherton was now before them, there being no one else on the terrace to speak to, and, with the odd look of an excess of physical power that almost blocked the way, he seemed to give them, in the flare of his big teeth, the benefit of a kind of brutal geniality. It was always to be remembered for him that he could scarce show without surprising you an adjustment to the smaller conveniences; so that when he took up a trifle it was not perforce, in every case, the sign of an uncanny calculation. When the elephant in the show plays the fiddle, it must be mainly with the presumption of consequent apples; which was why, doubtless, this personage had half the time the air of assuring you that, really civilized as his type had now become, no apples were required. Mr. Longdon viewed him with a vague apprehension and as if quite unable to meet the question of what he would have called, for such a personage, the social responsibility. Did this specimen of his class pull the tradition down, or did he just take it where he found it—in the very different place from that in which, on ceasing so long ago to "go out," Mr. Longdon had left it? Our friend doubtless averted himself from the possibility of a mental dilemma; if the man didn't lower the position, was it the position then that let down the man? Somehow he wasn't positively up. More evidence would be needed to decide; yet it was just of more evidence that one remained rather in dread. Lord Petherton was kind to little Aggie, kind to her companion, kind to every one, after Mr. Longdon had explained that she was so good as to be giving him the list of her dear friends. "I'm only a little dismayed," the elder man said, "to find Mr. Mitchett at the bottom."

"Oh, but it's an awfully short list, isn't it? If it consists only of me and Mitchy he's not so very low down. We don't allow her very *many* friends; we look out too well for ourselves." He addressed the child as on an easy jocose understanding. "Is the question, Aggie, whether we shall allow you Mr. Longdon? Won't that rather 'do' for us—for Mitchy and me? I say, Duchess," he went on as this lady reappeared, "*are* we going to allow her Mr. Longdon, and do we quite realize what we're about? We mount guard awfully, you know"—he carried the joke back to the person he had named. "We sift and we sort, we pick the candidates over, and I should like to hear any one say that in this case at least I don't keep a watch on my taste. Oh, we close in!"

The Duchess, with the object of her quest in her hand, had come back. "Well then, Mr. Longdon will close with us—you'll consider henceforth that he's as safe as yourself. Here's the letter that I wanted you to read—with which you'll please take a turn, in strict charge of the child, and then restore her to us. If you don't come I shall know you have found Mitchy and shall be at peace. Go, my little heart," she continued to the child, "but leave me your book to look over again. I don't know that I'm quite sure!" She sent them off together, but had a grave protest as her friend put out his hand for the volume. "No, Petherton—not for books; for her reading I can't say I do trust you. But for everything else—quite!" she declared to Mr. Longdon, with a look of conscientious courage, as their companion withdrew. "I do believe," she pursued in the same spirit, "in a certain amount of intelligent confidence. Really nice men are steadied by the sense of your having had it. But I wouldn't," she added gayly, "trust *him* all round!"

XIX.

Many things, at Mertle, were strange for Mr. Longdon, but nothing perhaps, as yet, had been so strange as the sight of this arrangement for little Aggie's protection—an arrangement made in the interest of her remaining as a young person of her age and her *monde*, as her aunt would have said, should remain. The strangest part of this impression, too, was that the provision might really have its happy side and his lordship really understand better than any one else his noble friend's whole theory of perils and precautions. The child herself, the spectator of the incident was sure enough, understood nothing, but the understandings that surrounded her, filling all the air, made it a heavier compound to breathe than any Mr. Longdon had yet tasted. This heaviness had grown, for him, through the long, sweet summer day, and there was something in his at last finding himself ensconced with the Duchess that made it supremely oppressive. The contact was one that, none the less, he would not have availed himself of a decent pretext to avoid; with so many fine mysteries playing about him, there was relief, at the point he had reached, rather than alarm, in the thought of knowing the worst; which it pressed upon him, somehow, that the Duchess must not only supremely know, but must, in any relation, most naturally communicate. It fluttered him rather that a person who had an understanding with Lord Petherton should so single him out as to wish for one also with himself: such a person must either have great variety of mind or have a wonderful idea of *his* variety. It was true indeed that Mr. Mitchett must have the most extraordinary understanding, and yet with Mr. Mitchett he now found himself quite pleasantly at his ease. Their host, however, was a person *sui generis*, whom he had accepted, once for all, the inconsequence of liking, in pursuance of the need he occasionally felt to put it on record that he was not narrow-minded. Perhaps at bottom he most liked Mitchy because Mitchy most liked Nanda; there hung about him still, moreover, the faded fragrance of the superstition that hospitality not declined is one of the things that "oblige." It obliged the thoughts, for Mr. Longdon, as well as the manners, and, in the especial form in which he was now committed to it, would have made him, had he really thought any ill, ask himself what the deuce then he was doing in the man's house. All of which didn't prevent some of Mitchy's queer condonations—if condonations in fact they were—from not wholly, by themselves, soothing his vague unrest, an unrest which never had been so great as at the moment he heard the Duchess abruptly say to him: "Do you know my idea about Nanda? It's my particular desire that you should—the reason, really, why I've thus laid violent hands on you. Nanda, my dear man, should marry at the very first moment."

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[*] Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2180.

This was more interesting than he had expected, and the effect produced by his interlocutress, and doubtless not lost on her, was shown in his suppressed start. "There has been no reason why I should attribute to you any judgment of the matter; but I've had one myself, and I don't see why I shouldn't say frankly that it's very much the one you express. It would be a very good thing."

"A very good thing, but none of my business?"—the Duchess's briskness was not unamiable.

It was on this circumstance that her companion for an instant perhaps meditated. "It's probably not in my interest to say that—I should give you too easy a retort. It would strike any one as quite as much your business as mine."

"Well, it ought to be somebody's, you know. One would suppose it to be her mother's—her father's; but in this country the parents are even more emancipated than the children. Suppose, really, since it appears to be nobody's affair, that you and I should make it ours. We needn't either of us," she continued, "be concerned for the other's reasons, though I'm perfectly ready, I assure you, to put my cards on the table. You have your feelings—we know they're beautiful. I, on my side, have mine—for which I don't pretend anything but that they're strong. They can dispense with being beautiful when they're so perfectly settled. Besides, I may mention, they're rather nice than otherwise. Edward and I have a *cousinage*, though for all he does to keep it up—! If he leaves his children to play in the street, I take it seriously enough to make an occasional dash for them before they're run over. And I want for Nanda simply the man she herself wants—it isn't as if I wanted for her a dwarf or a hunchback or a *coureur* or a drunkard. Vanderbank's a man whom any woman, don't you think? might be—whom more than one woman *is*—glad of for herself: *beau comme le jour*, awfully conceited and awfully patronizing, but clever and successful and yet liked, and without, so far as I know, any of the terrific appendages which, in this country, so often diminish the value of even the pleasantest people. He hasn't five horrible unmarried sisters for his wife to have always on a visit. The way your women don't marry is the ruin, here, of society, and I've been assured in good quarters—though I don't know so much about that—the ruin also of conversation and of literature. Isn't it precisely just a little to keep Nanda herself from becoming that kind of appendage—say to poor Harold, say, one of these days, to her younger brother and sister—that friends like you and me feel the importance of bestirring ourselves in time? Of course she's supposedly young, but she's really any age you like: your London world so fearfully batters and bruises them."

She had gone fast and far, but it had given Mr. Longdon time to feel himself well afloat. There were so many things in it all to take up that he laid his hand—of which, he was not unconscious, the feebleness exposed him—on the nearest. "Why, I'm sure her mother—after twenty years of it—is fresh enough."

"Fresh? You find Mrs. Brook fresh?"

The Duchess had a manner that, in its all-knowingness, rather humiliated than encouraged; but he was all the more resolute for being conscious of his own reserves. "It seems to me it's fresh to look about thirty."

"That indeed would be perfect. But she doesn't—she looks about three. She simply looks a baby."

"Oh Duchess, you're really too particular!" he returned, feeling that, as the trodden worm will turn, anxiety itself may sometimes tend to wit.

She met him in her own way. "I know what I mean. My niece is a person *I* call fresh. It's warranted, as they say in the shops. Besides," she went on, "if a married woman has been knocked about, that's only a part of her condition. *Ella l'a bien voulu*, and if you're married you're married—it's the smoke—or call it the soot!—of the fire. You know, yourself," she roundly pursued, "that Nanda's situation appalls you."

"Oh, 'appalls'!" he restrictively murmured.

It even tried a little his companion's patience. "There you are, you English—you'll never face your own music. It's amazing what you'd rather do with a thing—anything not to shoot or to make money with—than look at its meaning. If I wished to save the girl as *you* wish it, I should know exactly from what. But why differ about reasons," she asked, "when we're at one about the fact? I don't mention the greatest of Vanderbank's merits," she added—"his having so delicious a friend. By whom, let me hasten to assure you," she laughed, "I don't in the least mean Mrs. Brook! She *is* delicious, if you like, but believe me when I tell you, *caro mio*—if you need to be told—that for effective action on him you're worth twenty of her."

What was most visible in Mr. Longdon was that, however it came to him, he had rarely before, all at once, had so much given him to think about. Again the only way to manage was to take what came uppermost. "By effective action you mean action on the matter of his proposing for Nanda?"

The Duchess's assent was noble. "You can make him propose—you can make, I mean, a sure thing of it. You can *doter* the bride." Then as with the impulse to meet benevolently, and more than half-way, her companion's imperfect apprehension: "You can settle on her something that will make her a *parti*." His apprehension was perhaps imperfect, but it could still lead somehow to his flushing all over, and this demonstration the Duchess as quickly took into account. "Poor Edward, you know, won't give her a penny."

Decidedly, she went fast, but Mr. Longdon, in a moment, had caught up. "Mr. Vanderbank—your idea is—would require on the part of his wife something of that sort?"

"Pray, who wouldn't—in the world we all move in—require it quite as much? Mr. Vanderbank, I'm assured, has no means of his own at all, and if he doesn't believe in impecunious marriages it's not I who shall be shocked at him. For myself, I simply despise them. He has nothing but a poor official salary. If it's enough for one, it would be little for two, and would be still less for half a dozen. They're just the people to have, that blessed pair, a fine old English family."

Mr. Longdon was now fairly abreast of it. "What it comes to then, the idea you're so good as to put before me, is to bribe him to take her."

The Duchess remained bland, but she fixed him. "You say that as if you were scandalized, but if you try Mr. Van with it, I don't think he'll be. And you won't persuade me," she went on finely, "that you haven't, yourself, thought of it." She kept her eyes on him, and the effect of them, soon enough visible in his face, was such as presently to make her exult at her felicity. "You're of a limpidity, dear man!—you've only to be nudged and you confess. Consciously or unconsciously—the former, really, I'm inclined to think—you've wanted him for her." She paused an instant to enjoy her triumph; after which she continued: "And you've wanted her for him. I make you out, you'll say—for I see you coming—one of those horrible benevolent busybodies who are the worst of the class, but you've only to think a little—if I may go so far—to see that no 'making' at all is required. You've only one link with the Brooks, but that link is golden. How can we, all of us, by this time, not have grasped and admired the beauty of your feeling for Lady Julia? There it is—I make you wince: to speak of it is to profane it. Let us by all means not speak of it then, but let us act on it." He had at last turned his face from her, and it now took in, from the vantage of his high position, only the loveliness of the place and the hour, which included a glimpse of Lord Petherton and little Aggie, who, down in the garden, slowly strolled in familiar union. Each had a hand in the other's, swinging easily as they went; their talk was evidently of flowers and fruits and birds; it was quite like father and daughter. And one could see half a mile off, in short, that *they* weren't flirting. Our friend's bewilderment came in odd, cold gusts; these were unreasoned and capricious; one of them, at all events, during his companion's pause, must have roared in his ears. Was it not therefore through some continuance of the sound that he heard her go on speaking? "Of course you know the poor child's own condition."

It took him a good while to answer. "Do *you* know it?" he asked with his eyes still away.

"If your question's ironical," she laughed, "your irony's perfectly wasted. I should be ashamed of myself if, with my relationship and my interest, I hadn't made sure. Nanda's fairly sick—as sick as a little cat—with her passion." It was with an intensity of silence that Mr. Longdon appeared to accept this; he was even so dumb for a minute that the oddity of the image could draw from him no natural sound. The Duchess once more, accordingly, recognized an opportunity. "It has doubtless already occurred to you that, since your sentiment for the living is the charming fruit of your sentiment for the dead, there would be a sacrifice to Lady Julia's memory more exquisite than any other."

At this, finally, Mr. Longdon turned. "The effort—on the lines you speak of—for Nanda's happiness?"

She fairly glowed with hope. "And, by the same token, such a piece of poetic justice! Quite the loveliest, it would be, I think, one had ever heard of."

So, for some time more, they sat confronted. "I don't quite see your difficulty," he said at last. "I do happen to know, I confess, that Nanda herself extremely desires the execution of your project."

His friend's smile betrayed no surprise at this fruit of her eloquence. "You're bad at dodging. Nanda's desire is, inevitably, to stop off, for herself, every question of any one but Vanderbank. If she wants me to succeed in arranging with Mr. Mitchett, can you ask for a plainer sign of her private predicament? But you've signs enough, I see"—she caught herself up: "we may take them all for granted. I've seen perfectly from the first that the only difficulty would come from her mother—but also that that would be stiff."

The movement with which Mr. Longdon removed his glasses might have denoted a certain fear to participate in too much of what the Duchess could see. "I've not been ignorant that Mrs. Brookenham favors Mr. Mitchett."

But he was not to be let off with that. "Then you've not been blind, I suppose, to her reason for doing so." He might not have been blind, but his vision, at this, scarce showed sharpness, and it determined in his interlocutress the shortest of short-cuts. "She favors Mr. Mitchett because she wants 'old Van' for herself."

He was evidently conscious of looking at her hard. "In what sense—for herself?"

"Ah, you must supply the sense; I can give you only the fact—and it's the fact that concerns us. *Voyons*," she almost impatiently broke out; "don't try to create unnecessary obscurities by being unnecessarily modest. Besides, I'm not touching your modesty. Supply any sense whatever that may miraculously satisfy your fond English imagination: I don't insist in the least on a bad one. She does want him for herself—that's all I say. '*Pourquoi faire?*' you ask—or rather, being too shy, don't ask, but would like to if you dared, or didn't fear I'd be shocked. I *can't* be shocked, but, frankly, I can't tell you either. The situation belongs, I think, to an order I don't understand. I understand either one thing or the other—I understand taking a man up or letting him alone. But I don't, really, get at Mrs. Brook. You must judge, at any rate, for yourself. *He* could, of course, tell you if he would—but it wouldn't be right that he should. So the one thing we have to do with is that she's in fact against us. I can only work Mitchy through Petherton, but Mrs. Brook can work him straight. On the other hand that's the way you, my dear man, can work Vanderbank."

One thing, evidently, beyond the rest, as an effect of this vivid demonstration, disengaged itself to Mr. Longdon's undismayed sense, but his consternation needed a minute or two to produce it. "I can absolutely assure you that Mr. Vanderbank entertains no sentiment for Mrs. Brookenham—"

"That he may not keep under by just setting his teeth and holding on? I never dreamed that he does, and have nothing so alarming in store for you—*rassurez-vous bien!*—as to propose that he shall be invited to sink a feeling for the mother in order to take one up for the child. Don't, please, flutter out of the whole question by a premature scare. I never supposed it's he who wants to keep *her*. He's not in love with her—be comforted! But she's amusing—highly amusing. I do her perfect justice. As your women go, she's rare. If she were French she'd be a *femme d'esprit*. She has invented a *nuance* of her own, and she has done it all by herself, for Edward figures in her drawing-room only as one of those queer extinguishers of fire in the corridors of hotels. He's just a bucket on a peg. The men, the young and the clever ones, find it a house—and Heaven knows they're right—with freedom of talk. You'll tell me we go farther in Italy, and I won't deny it, but in Italy we have the common-sense not to have little girls in the room. The young men hang about Mrs. Brook and the clever ones ply her with the uproarious appreciation that keeps her up to the mark. She's in a prodigious fix—she must sacrifice either her daughter or what she once called to me her intellectual habits. Mr. Vanderbank, you've seen for yourself, is one of the most cherished, the most confirmed, of these. Three months ago—it couldn't be any longer kept off—Nanda began definitely to 'sit'—to be there and look, by the tea table, modestly and conveniently abstracted."

"I beg your pardon—I don't think she looks *that*, Duchess," Mr. Langdon lucidly broke in. How much she had carried him with her in spite of himself was betrayed by the very terms of his dissent. "I don't think it would strike any one that she looks 'convenient.'"

His companion, laughing, gave a shrug. "Try her and perhaps you'll find her so!" But his objection had none the less pulled her up a little. "I don't say she's a hypocrite, for it would certainly be less decent for her to giggle and wink. It's Mrs. Brook's theory moreover, isn't it? that she has, from five to seven at least, lowered the pitch. Doesn't she pretend that she bears in mind every moment the tiresome difference made by the presence of sweet virginal eighteen?"

"I haven't, I'm afraid, a notion of what she pretends!" Mr. Longdon had spoken with a curtness to which his friend's particular manner of overlooking it only added significance. "They've become," she pursued, "superficial or insincere or frivolous, but at least they've become, with the way the drag's put on, quite as dull as other people."

He showed no sign of taking this up; instead of it he said abruptly: "But if it isn't Mr. Mitchett's own idea—?"

His fellow-visitor barely hesitated. "It would be his own if he were free—and it would be Lord Petherton's *for* him. I mean by his being free Nanda's becoming definitely lost to him. Then it would be impossible for Mrs. Brook to continue to persuade him, as she does now, that by a waiting game he'll come to his chance. His chance will cease to exist, and he wants so, poor darling, to marry. You've really now seen my niece," she went on. "That's another reason why I hold you can help me."

"Yes—I've seen her."

"Well, there she is." It was as if, in the pause that followed this, they sat looking at little absent Aggie with a wonder that was almost equal. "The good God has given her to me," the Duchess said at last.

"It seems to me then that she herself is, in her remarkable loveliness, really your help."

"She will be doubly so if you give me proofs that you believe in her." And the Duchess, appearing to consider that with this she had made herself clear and her interlocutor plastic, rose in confident majesty. "I leave it to you."

Mr. Longdon did the same, but with more consideration now. "Is it your expectation that I will speak to Mr. Mitchett?"

"Don't flatter yourself he won't speak to *you*!"

Mr. Longdon wondered. "As supposing me, you mean, an interested party?"

She clapped her gloved hands with joy. "It's a delight to hear you practically admit that you *are* one! Mr. Mitchett will take anything from you—above all perfect candor. It isn't every day one meets *your* kind, and he's a connoisseur. I leave it to you—I leave it to you."

She spoke as if it were something she had thrust bodily into his hands and wished to hurry away from. He put his hands behind him—straightening himself a little, half kindled, still half confused. "You're all extraordinary people!"

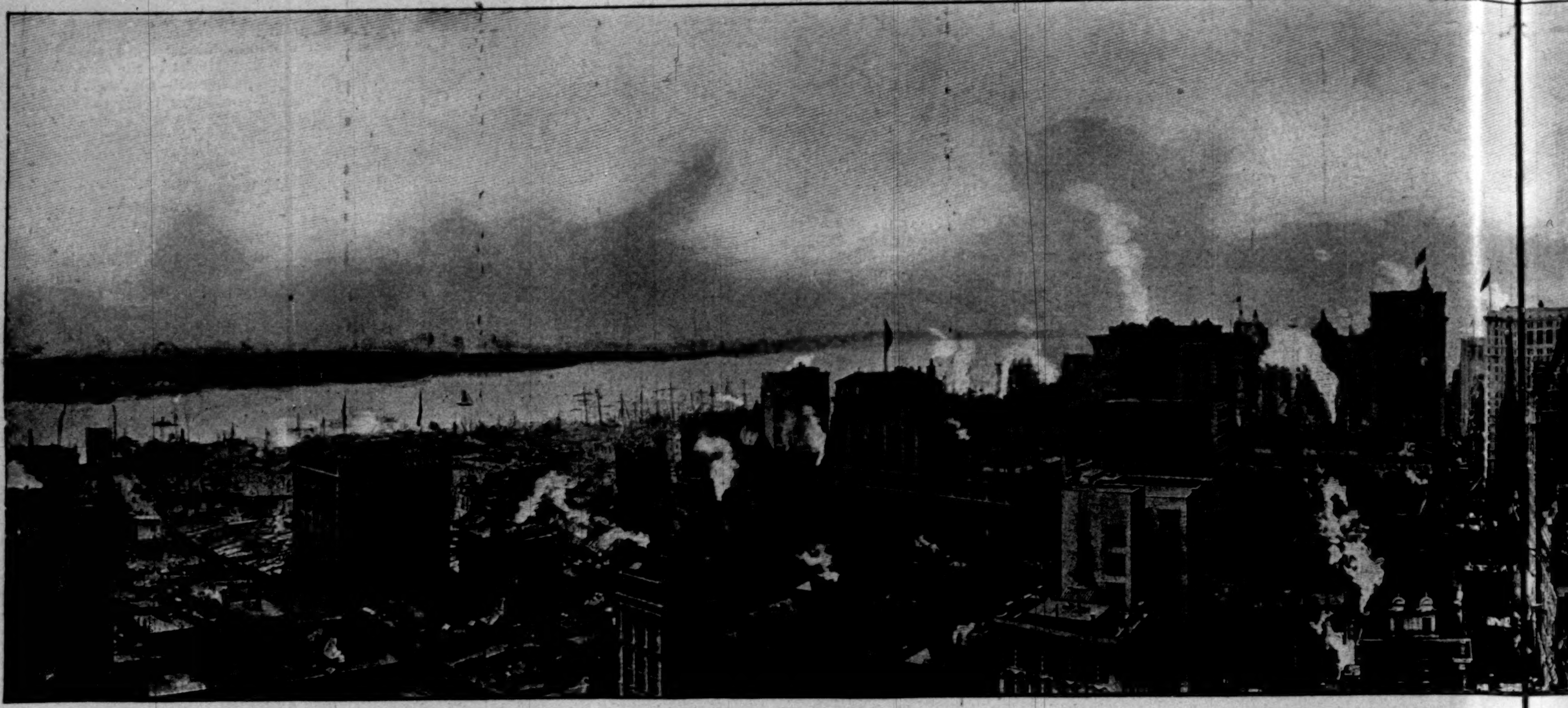
She gave a toss of her head that showed a limited enthusiasm. "You're the best of us, *caro mio*—you and Aggie, for Aggie's as good as you. Mitchy's good too, however—Mitchy's beautiful. You see it's not only his money. He's a gentleman. So are you. There are [illegible] so many. But we must move fast," she added more sharply.

"What do you mean by fast?"

"What should I mean but what I say? If Nanda doesn't get a husband early in the business—"

"Well?" said Mr. Longdon, as she appeared to pause with the weight of her idea.

"Why, she won't get one late—she won't get one at



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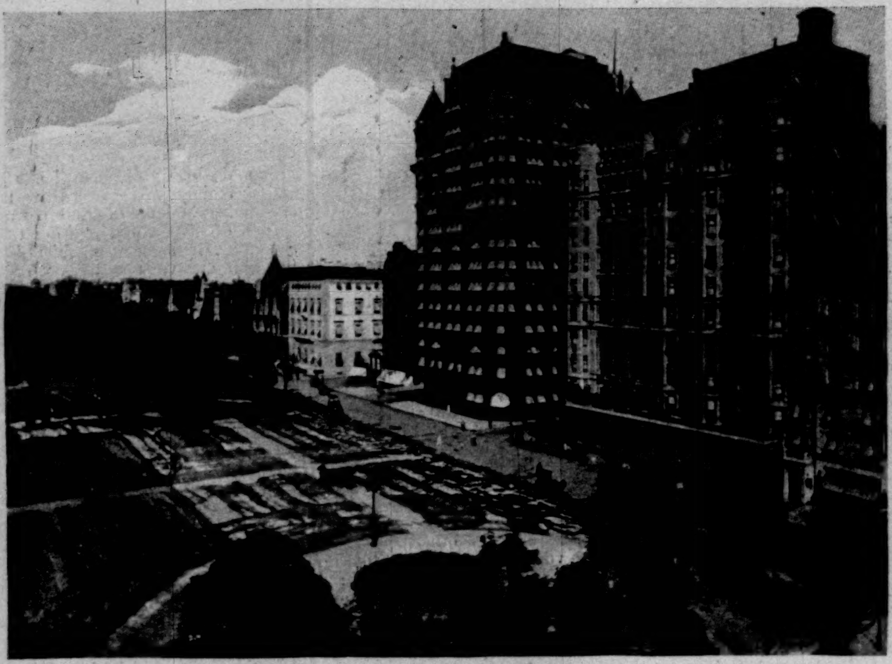
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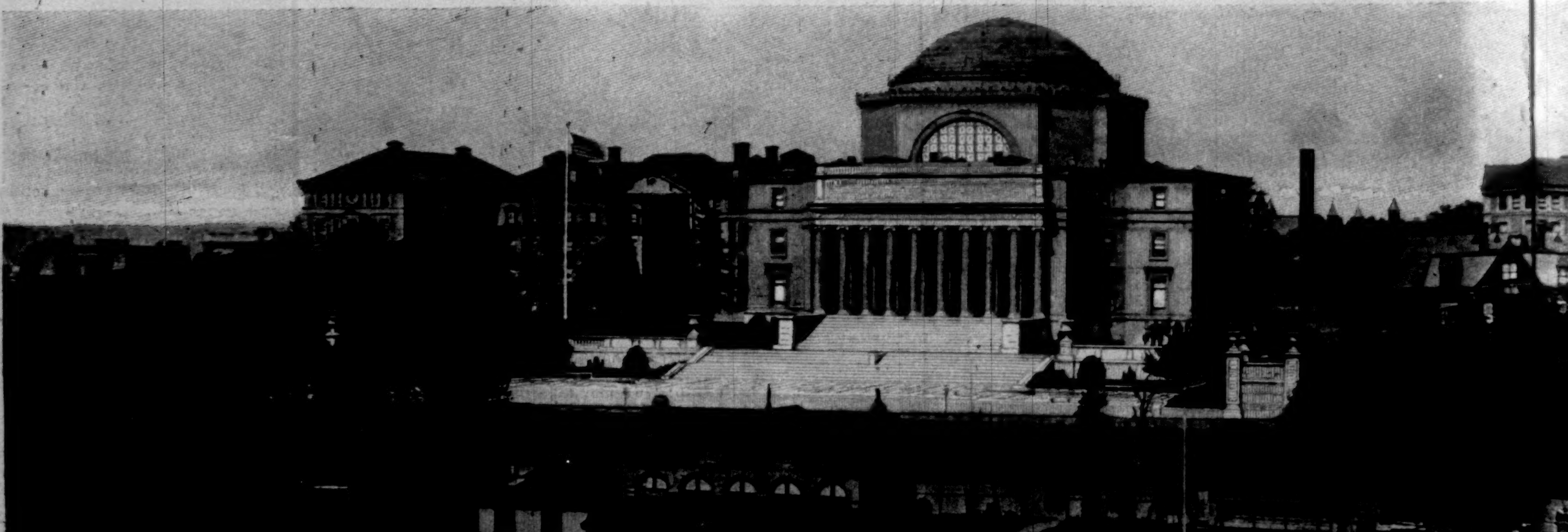

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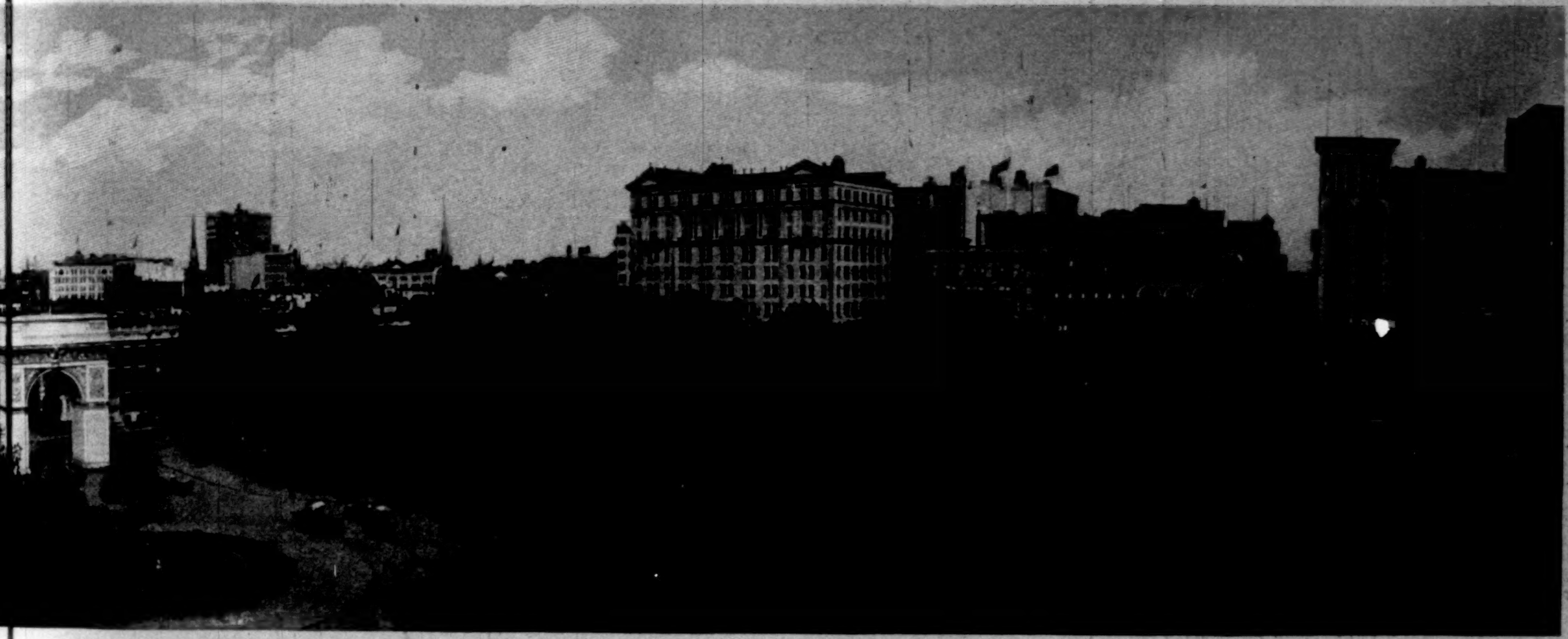

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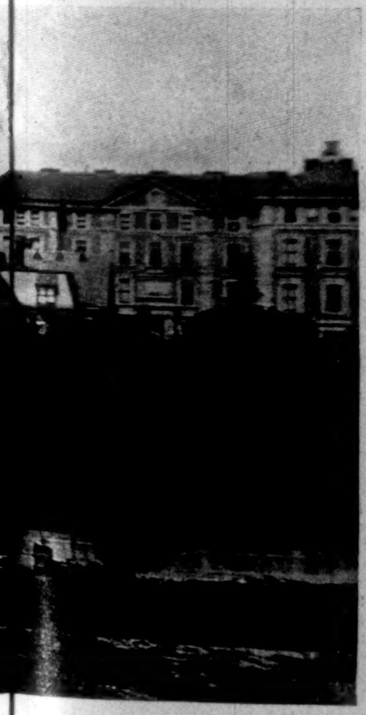


ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE.

EWS OF NEW YORK CITY.—From Recent Photographs.

all. One, I mean, of the kind she'll take. She'll have been in it long for *their* taste."

She had moved, looking off and about her—little Aggie always on her mind—to the flight of steps, where she again hung fire; and had really succeeded in producing in him the manner of keeping up with her to challenge her. "Been in what?"

She went down a few steps while he stood with his face full of perceptions strained and scattered. "Why, in the air they themselves have made for her!"

XX.

Late that night, in the smoking-room at Mertle, as the smokers—talkers and listeners alike—were about to disperse, Mr. Longdon asked Vanderbank to stay, and then it was that the young man, to whom, all the evening, he had not addressed a word, could make out why, a little unnaturally, he had prolonged his vigil. "I've something particular to say to you, and I've been waiting. I hope you don't mind. It's rather important." Vanderbank expressed, on the spot the liveliest desire to oblige him and, quickly lighting another cigarette, mounted again to the deep divan with which a part of the place was furnished. The smoking-room at Mertle was not unworthy of the general nobleness, and the fastidious spectator had clearly been reckoned on in the great leather-covered lounge that, raised by a step or two above the floor, applied its back to two quarters of the wall and enjoyed, most immediately, a view of the billiard table. Mr. Longdon continued, for a minute, to roam with the air of dissimulated absence that, during the previous hour and among the other men, his companion's eye had not lost; he pushed a ball or two about, examined the form of an ash-stand, swung his glasses almost with violence and declined either to smoke or to sit down. Vanderbank, perched aloft on the bench and awaiting developments, had a little the look of some prepossessing criminal who, in court, should have changed places with the judge. He was unlike many a man of marked good looks in that the effect of evening dress was not, with a perversity often observed in such cases, to overemphasize his fineness. His type was rather chastened than heightened, and he sat there moreover with a primary gravity quite in the note of the deference that, from the first, with this friend of the elder fashion, he had taken as imposed. He had a strong sense for shades of respect and was now careful to loll scarcely more than with an official superior. "If you ask me," Mr. Longdon presently continued, "why, at this hour of the night—after a day at best too heterogeneous—I don't keep over till to-morrow whatever I may have to say, I can only tell you that I appeal to you now because I've something on my mind that I shall sleep the better for being rid of."

There was space to circulate in front of the dais, where he had still paced and still swung his glasses; but with these words he had paused, leaning against the billiard table, to meet the interested gayety of the reply they produced. "Are you very sure that, having got rid of it, you *will* sleep? Is it a pure confidence," Vanderbank said, "that you do me the honor to make to me? Is it something terrific that requires a reply, so that I shall have to take account, on my side, of the rest I may deprive you of?"

"Don't take account of anything—I'm myself a man who always takes too much. It isn't a matter about which I press you for an immediate answer. You can give me no answer, probably, without a good deal of thought. *I've* thought a good deal—otherwise I wouldn't speak. I only want to put something before you and leave it there."

"I never see you," said Vanderbank, "that you don't put something before me."

"That sounds," his friend returned, "as if I rather overloaded—what's the sort of thing you fellows nowadays say?—your intellectual board. If there's a congestion of dishes, sweep everything, without scruple, away. I've never put before you anything like this."

He spoke with a weight that, in the great space, where it resounded a little, made an impression—an impression marked by the momentary pause that fell between them. He partly broke the silence, first, by beginning to walk again, and then Vanderbank broke it as through the apprehension of their becoming perhaps too solemn. "Well, you immensely interest me, and you really couldn't have chosen a better time. A secret—for we shall make it that, of course, sha'n't we?—at this witching hour, in this great old house, is all that my visit here will have required to make the whole thing a rare remembrance. So, I assure you, the more you put before me the better."

Mr. Longdon took up another ash-tray, but with the air of doing so as a direct consequence of Vanderbank's tone. After he had laid it down, he put on his glasses; then, fixing his companion, he brought out: "Have you no idea at all—?"

"Of what you have in your head? Dear Mr. Longdon, how *should* I have?"

"Well, I'm wondering if I shouldn't perhaps have a little in your place. There's nothing that, in the circumstances, occurs to you as likely for me to want to say?"

Vanderbank gave a laugh that might have struck an auditor as slightly uneasy. "When you speak of 'the circumstances' you do a thing that—unless you mean the simple thrilling ones of this particular moment—always, of course, opens the door of the lurid for a man of any imagination. To such a man you've only to say 'Boh!' in a certain tone for his conscience to jump. That's at any rate the case with mine. It's never quite on its feet—so it's now, already, on its back." He stopped a little—his smile was a trifle strained. "Is what you want to put before me something awful I've done?"

"Excuse me if I press this point"—Mr. Longdon spoke kindly, but if his friend's want of ease grew his own thereby diminished. "Can you think of nothing at all?"

"Do you mean that I've done?"

"No, but that—whether you've done it or not—I may have become aware of."

There could have been no better proof than Vanderbank's expression, on this, of his having mastered the secret of humoring without appearing to patronize. "I think you ought to give me a little more of a clew."

Mr. Longdon took off his glasses. "Well—the clew's Nanda Brookenham."

"Oh, I see." Vanderbank had responded quickly, but for a minute he said nothing more, and the great marble clock that gave the place the air of a club ticked louder in the stillness. Mr. Longdon waited with a benevolent want of mercy, yet with a look in his face that spoke of what depended for him—though indeed very far within—on the upshot of his patience. The hush, for that matter, between them, became a conscious, public measure of the young man's honesty. He evidently at last felt it as such, and there would have been for an observer of his handsome, controlled face a study of some sharp things. "I judge that you ask me for an utterance," he finally said, "that very few persons, at any time, have the right to expect of a man. Think of the people—and very decent ones—to whom, on many a question, one can only reply at best that it's none of their business."

"I see you know what I mean," said Mr. Longdon.

"Then you know also the distinguished exception I make of you. There isn't another man with whom I'd talk of it."

"And even to me you don't! But I'm none the less obliged to you," Mr. Longdon added.

"It isn't only the gravity," his friend went on; "it's the ridicule that inevitably attaches—"

The manner in which Mr. Longdon indicated the empty room was in itself an interruption. "Don't I sufficiently spare you?"

"Thank you, thank you," said Vanderbank.

"Besides, it's not for nothing."

"Of course not!" the young man returned; but with a look of noting, the next moment, a certain awkwardness in his concurrence. "But don't spare me now."

"I don't mean to." Mr. Longdon had his back to the table again, on which he rested with each hand on the rim. "I don't mean to," he repeated.

His companion gave a laugh that betrayed at least the drop of a tension. "Yet I don't quite see what you can do to me."

"It's just what, for some time past, I've been trying to think."

"And at last you've discovered?"

"Well—it has finally glimmered out a little in this extraordinary place."

Vanderbank frankly wondered. "In consequence of anything particular that has happened?"

Mr. Longdon had a pause. "For an old idiot who notices as much as I, something particular is always happening. If you're a man of imagination—"

"Oh," Vanderbank broke in, "I know how much more, in that case, you're one! It only makes me regret," he continued, "that I've not attended more, since yesterday, to what you've been about."

"I've been about nothing but what, among you people, I'm always about. I've been seeing, feeling, thinking. That makes no show, of course I'm aware, for any one but myself, and it's wholly my own affair. Except indeed," he added, "so far as I've taken into my head to make, on it all, this appeal to *you*. There are things that have come home to me."

"Oh, see, I see"—Vanderbank showed the friendliest alertness. "I'm to take it from you then, with all the avidity of my vanity, that I strike you as the person best able to understand what they are."

Mr. Longdon appeared to wonder an instant if his intelligence now had not almost too much of a glitter; he kept the same position, his back against the table, and while Vanderbank, on the settee, pressed, upright, against the wall, they recognized in silence that they were sounding each other. "You're much the best of them. I have my ideas about you. You've great gifts."

"Well then, we're worthy of each other. When Greek meets Greek—!" and the young man laughed as, a little with the air of bracing himself, he folded his arms. "Here we are."

His companion looked at him a moment longer, then, turning away, went slowly round the table. On the further side of it he stopped again and, after a minute, with a nervous movement, set a ball or two in motion. "It's beautiful—but it's terrible!" he finally murmured. He had not his eyes on Vanderbank, who for a minute said nothing, and he presently went on: "To see it, and not to want to try to help—well, I can't do that." Vanderbank still neither spoke nor moved, remained as if he might interrupt something of high importance to him, and his friend, passing along the opposite edge of the table, continued to produce in the stillness, without the cue, the small click of the ivory. "How long—if you don't mind my asking—have you known it?"

Even for this, at first, Vanderbank had no answer—none but to rise from his place, come down to the floor and, standing there, look at his friend across the table. He was serious now, but without being solemn. "How can one tell? One can never be sure. A man may fancy, may wonder, but with a girl, a person so much younger than himself and so much more helpless, he feels a—what shall I call it?"

"A delicacy?" Mr. Longdon suggested.

"It may be that; the name doesn't matter; at all events he's embarrassed. He wants not to be an ass on the one side, and yet not some other kind of brute on the other."

Mr. Longdon listened with consideration—with a beautiful little air indeed of being, in his all but finally contracted state, earnestly open to information on such points from a magnificent young man. "He doesn't want, you mean, to be fatuous?—and he doesn't want to be cruel?"

Vanderbank, visibly preoccupied, produced a faint, kind smile. "Oh, *you* know!"

"I? I should know less than any one."

He had turned away from the table on this, and the eyes of his companion, who after an instant had caught his meaning, watched him move along the room and approach another part of the divan. The consequence of the passage was that Vanderbank's only rejoinder was presently to say: "I can't tell you how long I've imagined—have asked myself. She's so charming—so interesting, and I feel as if I had known her always. I've thought of one thing and another to do—and then, on purpose, I haven't thought at all. That has, mostly, seemed to me best."

"Then I gather," said Mr. Longdon, "that your interest in her—"

"Hasn't the same character as her interest in *me?*" Vanderbank had taken him up responsively, but, after speaking, looked about for a match and lighted a new cigarette. "I'm sure you understand," he broke out, "what an extreme effort it is to me to talk of such things."

"Yes, yes. But it's just effort, only? It gives you no pleasure? I mean the fact of her passion," Mr. Longdon explained.

Vanderbank had really to think a little. "However much it might give me, I should probably not be a fellow to gush. I'm a self-conscious stick of a Briton."

"But even a stick of a Briton—!" Mr. Longdon hesitated. "I've gushed, in short, to *you*."

"About Lady Julia?" the young man frankly asked. "Is that what you call it?"

"Say then we're sticks of Britons. You're not in any degree at all in love?"

There fell between them, before Vanderbank replied, another pause, of which he took advantage to move once more round the table. Mr. Longdon meanwhile had mounted to the high bench and sat there as if the judge were now in his proper place. At last his companion spoke. "What you're coming to is of course that you've conceived a desire."

"That's it—strange as it may seem. But, believe me, it has not been precipitate. I've watched you both."

"Oh, I knew you were watching *her*," said Vanderbank.

"To such a tune that I've made up my mind. I want her so to marry—" But on the odd little quaver of longing with which he brought it out the old man fairly hung.

"Well?" said Vanderbank.

"Well, so that on the day she does she'll come into the interest of a considerable sum of money—already very decently invested—that I've determined to settle upon her."

Vanderbank's instant admiration flushed across the room. "How awfully jolly of you—how beautiful!"

"Oh, there's a way to show practically your appreciation of it."

But Vanderbank, for enthusiasm, scarcely heard him. "I can't tell you how admirable I think you." Then eagerly, "Does Nanda know it?" he demanded.

Mr. Longdon, after a hesitation, spoke with comparative dryness. "My idea has been that, for the present, you alone shall."

Vanderbank also hesitated. "No other man?"

His companion looked still graver. "I need scarcely say that I depend on you to keep the fact to yourself."

"Absolutely, then, and utterly. But that won't prevent what I think of it. Nothing, for a long time, has given me such pleasure."

Shining and sincere, he had held for a minute Mr. Longdon's eyes. "Why, you do care for her."

"Immensely. Never, I think, so much as now. That sounds of a grossness, doesn't it?" he laughed. "But your announcement really lights up the mind."

His friend, for a moment, almost glowed with his joy. "The sum I've settled upon would be, I may mention, substantial, and I should of course be prepared with a clear statement—a very definite pledge—of my intentions."

"So much the better! Only"—Vanderbank suddenly pulled himself up—"to get it she *must* marry?"

"It's not in my interest to allow you to suppose she needn't, and it's only because of my intense wish for her marriage that I've spoken to you."

"And on the ground also, with it"—Vanderbank so far concurred—"of your quite taking for granted my only having to put myself forward."

If his friend seemed to cast about, it proved but to be for the fullest expression. Nothing, in fact, could have been more charged than the quiet way in which he presently said: "My dear boy, I back you."

Vanderbank, clearly, was touched by it. "How extraordinarily kind you are to me!" Mr. Longdon's silence appeared to reply that he was willing to let it go for that, and the young man next went on: "What it comes to then—as you put it—is that it's a way for me to add something handsome to my income."

Mr. Longdon sat for a little with his eyes attached to the green field of the billiard table, vivid in the spreading, suspended lamp-light. "I think I ought to tell you the figure I have in mind."

Another person present might have felt rather taxed either to determine the degree of provocation represented by Vanderbank's considerate smile, or to say if there was an appreciable interval before he rang out: "I think, you know, you oughtn't to do anything of the sort. Let that alone, please. The great thing is the interest—the great thing is the wish you express. It represents a view of me, an attitude toward me—!" He pulled up, dropping his arms and turning away, before the complete image.

"There's nothing in those things that need overwhelm you. It would be odd if you hadn't, yourself, about your value and your future, a feeling quite as lively as any feeling of mine. There *is* mine, at all events. I can't help it. Accept it. Then of the other feeling—how *she* moves me—I won't speak."

"You sufficiently show it!"

Mr. Longdon continued to watch the bright circle on the table, lost in which a moment he let his friend's answer pass. "I won't begin to you on Nanda."

"Don't," said Vanderbank. But in the pause that ensued each, in one way or another, might have been thinking of her for himself.

It was broken by Mr. Longdon's presently going on: "Of course what it superficially has the air of is my offering to pay you for taking a certain step. It's open to you to be grand and proud—to wrap yourself in your majesty and ask if I suppose you bribable. I haven't spoken without having thought of that."

"Yes," said Vanderbank sympathetically, "but it isn't as if you proposed to me, is it? anything dreadful. If one cares for a girl one's deucedly glad she has money. The more of anything good she has the better. I may assure you," he added with the brightness of his friendly intelligence and quite as if to show his companion the way to be least concerned—"I may assure you that, once I were disposed to act on your suggestion, I would make short work of any vulgar interpretation of my motive. I should simply try to be as magnificent as yourself." He smoked, he moved about; then he came up in another place. "I dare say you know that dear old Mitchy, under whose blessed roof we're plotting this midnight treason, would marry her like a shot and without a penny."

"I think I know everything—I think I've thought of everything. Mr. Mitchett," Mr. Longdon added, "is impossible."

Vanderbank appeared for an instant to wonder. "Wholly then through *her* attitude?"

"Altogether."

Again he hesitated. "You've asked her?"

"I've asked her."

Once more Vanderbank faltered. "And that's how you know?"

"About *your* chance? That's how I know."

The young man, consuming his cigarette with concentration, took again several turns. "And your idea *is* to give one time?"

Mr. Longdon had, for a minute, to turn his idea over. "How much time do you want?"

Vanderbank gave a head-shake that was both restrictive and indulgent. "I must live into it a little. Your offer has been before me only these few minutes, and it's too soon for me to commit myself to anything whatever. Except," he added gallantly, "my gratitude."

Mr. Longdon, at this, on the divan, got up, as Vanderbank had previously done, under the spring of emotion; only, unlike Vanderbank, he still stood there, his hands in his pockets and his face, a little paler, directed straight. There was disappointment in him even before he spoke. "You've no strong enough impulse—?"

His friend met him with admirable candor. "Wouldn't it seem that if I had I would by this time have taken the jump?"

"Without waiting, you mean, for anybody's money?" Mr. Longdon, for a little, cultivated a doubt. "Of course she has seemed—till now—tremendously young."

Vanderbank looked about once more for matches and occupied a time with relighting. "Till now—yes. But it's not," he pursued, "only because she's so young that—for each of us, and for dear old Mitchy too—she's so interesting." Mr. Longdon had now stepped down, and Vanderbank's eyes followed him till he stopped again. "I make out that, in spite of what you said to begin with, you're conscious of a certain pressure."

"In the matter of time? Oh yes, I do want it *done*. That," the old man simply explained, "is why I myself put on the screw." He spoke with the ring of impatience. "I want her got out."

"'Out'?"

"Out of her mother's house."

Vanderbank laughed, though, more immediately, he had colored. "Why, her mother's house is just where I see her!"

"Precisely; and if it only were not, we might get on faster."

Vanderbank, for all his kindness, looked still more amused. "But if it only were not, as you say, I seem to see that you wouldn't have your particular vision of urgency."

Mr. Longdon, through adjusted glasses, took him in with a look that was sad as well as sharp, then jerked the glasses off. "Oh, you understand me."

"Ah," said Vanderbank, "I'm a mass of corruption!"

"You may perfectly be, but you shall not," Mr. Longdon returned with decision, "get off on any such plea. If you're good enough for me, you're good enough, as you thoroughly know, on whatever head, for any one."

"Thank you." But Vanderbank, for all his happy appreciation, thought again. "We ought, at any rate to remember, oughtn't we? that we should have Mrs. Brook against us."

His companion faltered but an instant. "Ah, that's another thing I know. But it's also exactly why. Why I want Nanda away."

"I see, I see."

The response had been prompt, yet Mr. Longdon seemed suddenly to show that he suspected the superficial. "Unless it's with Mrs. Brook you're in love." Then on his friend's taking the idea with a mere head-shake of negation, a repudiation that might even have astonished by its own lack of surprise, "Or unless Mrs. Brook's in love with you," he amended.

Vanderbank had for this any decent gayety. "Ah, that of course may perfectly be!"

"But *is* it? That's the question."

He continued light. "If she had declared her passion shouldn't I rather compromise her—?"

"By letting me know?" Mr. Longdon reflected. "I'm sure I can't say—it's a sort of thing for which I haven't a measure or a precedent. In my time women didn't declare their passion. I'm thinking of what the meaning is of Mrs. Brookenham's wanting you—as I've heard it called—for herself."

Vanderbank, still with his smile, smoked a minute. "That's what you've heard it called?"

"Yes, but you must excuse me from telling you by whom."

He was amused at his friend's discretion. "It's unimaginable. But it doesn't matter. We all call everything—anything. The meaning of it, if you and I put it so, is—well, a modern shade."

"You must deal then yourself," said Mr. Longdon, "with your modern shades." He spoke now as if the case simply awaited such dealing.

But at this his young friend was more grave. "*You* could do nothing?—to bring, I mean, Mrs. Brook round."

Mr. Longdon fairly started. "Propose, on your behalf, for her daughter? With your authority—to-morrow. Authorize me, and I instantly act."

Vanderbank's color again rose—his flush was complete. "How awfully you want it!"

Mr. Longdon, after a look at him, turned away. "How awfully *you* don't!"

The young man continued to blush. "No—you must do me justice. You've not made a mistake about me—I see in your proposal all, I think, that you can desire I should. Only *you* see it much more simply—and yet I can't just now explain. If it *were* so simple I should say to you in a moment 'Do speak to them for me'—I should leave the matter with delight in your hands. But I require time, let me remind you, and you haven't yet told me how much I may take."

This appeal had brought them again face to face, and Mr. Longdon's first reply to it was a look at his watch. "It's one o'clock."

"Oh, I require"—Vanderbank had recovered his gayety—"more than to-night!"

Mr. Longdon went off to the smaller table that still offered to view two bedroom candles. "You must take of course the time you need. I won't trouble you—I won't hurry you. I'm going to bed."

Vanderbank, overtaking him, lighted his candle for him; after which, handing it and smiling: "Shall we have conduced to your rest?"

Mr. Longdon looked at the other candle. "You're not coming to bed?"

"To *my* rest we shall not have conduced. I stay up a while longer."

"Good." Mr. Longdon was pleased. "You won't forget then, as we promised, to put out the lights?"

"If you trust me for the greater you can trust me for the less. Good-night."

Vanderbank had put out his hand. "Good-night." But Mr. Longdon kept him a moment. "You *don't* care for my figure?"

"Not yet—not yet. *Please.*" Vanderbank seemed really to fear it, but on Mr. Longdon's releasing him with a little drop of disappointment they went together to the door of the room, where they had another pause.

"She's to come down to me—alone—in September."

Vanderbank hesitated. "Then may *I* come?"

His friend, on this footing, had to consider. "Shall you know by that time?"

"I'm afraid I can't promise—if you must regard my coming as a pledge."

Mr. Longdon thought on; then raising his eyes: "I don't quite see why you won't suffer me to tell you—"

"The detail of your intention? *I* do then. You've said quite enough. If my visit positively must commit me," Vanderbank pursued, "I'm afraid I can't come."

Mr. Longdon, who had passed into the corridor, gave a dry, sad little laugh. "Come then—as the ladies say—'as you are'!"

On which, rather softly closing the door, Vanderbank remained alone in the great empty, lighted billiard-room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SEVENTEENTH AUTUMN EXHIBITION AT THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

A PICTURE show at the National always contains much that, depending upon the point of view, is either a snare or an instruction. The Academy is a venerable institution, considerably overgrown with moss, and the moss covers a great deal that fifty years ago would have seemed admirable, but for which the modern art-lover has no use. If one realizes this, the exhibitions have a historical and antiquarian interest that is very instructive, such as might be afforded by a survey of steamships from the first paddle-wheel boat to the modern ocean greyhound. The opportunity of comparison makes the visitor recognize more clearly what strides have been made in the way of improvement. On the other hand, every one is more or less posted upon the progress which has been made in shipbuilding, but only a limited number consider it a necessary part of a liberal education to be equally conversant with the progress in painting and sculpture. Herein is the snare. The uninitiated, seeking knowledge, visit the exhibitions, reasonably supposing that the appearance of a picture upon the walls of the National Academy is a guarantee of its excellence. Therefore it cannot be too often and too clearly stated that this is not the case. National academicians the world over regard their institutions as close corporations existing for their own individual exploitation. Monopoly makes them satisfied with themselves and intolerant of outside influences. They take in new members from time to time, but these are always too few in number to leaven the mass, which is mainly fossilized. So the fossils predominate and continue to monopolize the best and biggest part of the walls. This is not an attack upon our National Academy *per se*, but on these institutions generally. A visit to the Royal Academy in London, or to the Salon in Paris, will not give you a correct idea of English or French modern art. These places have the prestige and draw the crowds, but the majority of the exhibits are commonplace, and the best work of the year is, for the most part, conspicuous by its absence, or, if admitted, hung often at a disadvantage.

So much as a preface to the survey of this present exhibition. You will find a large number of pictures that, without individual characterization, do not possess the qualities which we look for and find in modern work. In the landscapes, for example, Nature has not been the direct inspiration. The infinite loveliness of her moods, by turns pensive, joyous, grand, and tender, has not been studied; the magic of light, the mystery of atmosphere, have been overlooked, and the painter has viewed the scene with the same sort of eye that belongs to the camera in the hands of an unpoetical photographer. More details than the human eye can comprehend at a glance are crowded into the foreground, the subtle fascination of successive distances is lost, and the inanimate machine cannot share Nature's particular mood of the moment. The painter, instead of responding to the mood like a poet, observing the scene with a more penetrating vision than belongs to the average eye, grasping all and yet selecting only the points essential to represent the sentiment of the scene, has given us a record which aims at mere material fidelity. He has missed the poetry and falls behind the photograph in accuracy.

Keeping this in mind, the visitor to the Academy will have no difficulty in distinguishing between the work which is characteristic of the aims of fifty years ago and that which thrills with the modern spirit. A comparison can hardly fail to make him conscious of the superiority of the latter. Among the landscape and water pieces exhibited are many admirable canvases. Jules R. Mersfelder sends two studies of Gloucester Harbor, one a gray day, the other an evening effect. Both are characterized by a delightful sense of repose and mysteriousness. "Twilight," by Joseph H. Boston, represents a wooded road winding down into darkness. A laborer is moving homewards, and in a pasture on the right cows loom out of the gathering shade. It is a strong, earnest composition in which the vanishing light is well expressed. George A. Williams contributes an interesting little picture, "A Gray Studia." Gray wooden farm buildings, fence, and tree stems are contrasted with the vivid gray-green of grass, through which a road passes, having a solitary puddle that brings a bit of the blue sky into the foreground. It is a little pensive poem very musically rendered. J. Alden Weir's "A Rainy Day," in the same room, has much the same suggestion, but the problem was more difficult, and its solution involved more technical ability. The subject is a queer one—a chicken-pen composed of a scaffolding of irregularly shaped saplings covered with netting. A few chickens stand about, with flecks of bright color on their plumage, and there is a mass of light green trees beyond. With a world so full of beauty, it seems an uninteresting subject to have chosen, but perhaps it was all that was visible from the painter's window on some wet day. However, of its technical skill there can be no question. The netting is suggested without being painted, and the atmosphere is thick with warm moisture. Close by is a very attractive picture by Edward Potthast, "Evening Low Tide, Annisquam," a favorite summer haunt of painters. A tremulously vaporous sky of gray-purple, with a watery moon, hovers over a blue-purple reach of land, with a smooth expanse of water in front, reflecting gray and crimson, and sprinkled with flots of brown-red sea-weed. In the foreground is a kind of jetty, made of rough, uneven stones, with a shingle building at one side. With the exception of the stones, the various parts of the picture are beautifully painted, but they do not quite key together into a harmonious whole. The same painter also shows a very clever "Study—Late Afternoon" of a man in a boat, lying upon his oars, on a smooth sea. It might have been painted with the same palette as the other picture, only here the dreaming is replaced by a clear and vivid arrangement of color that culminates in the man's brilliantly white shirt. It is interesting to compare with this a picture by Theodore Wores, entitled "Crabbing." Here too there is a brilliant white spot. A boy is standing in smooth water, with a blue shadow thrown by his broad-brimmed straw hat upon the shoulders of his white jumper. Somehow in this case the white seems to jar.

Returning to the landscapes, one remembers Charles Warren Eaton's "The Wood Road," with its velvety mass of dark brown-green trees framing in a slumberous golden sky; and "The River," by Francis C. Jones, yellow sunlight over bright green willows and smooth water, very daintily treated. Then there is a view at close range of cottages peeping out from a profusion of foliage, a stream in the foreground with a bed of rushes, and figures moving along the bank. It is by William E. Plimpton, and called, "By the Brook-side," a strongly painted picture of luxuriant vegetation and prosperous homesteads. "A Gray Day in Spring," by H. Bolton Jones, "Just a Hay-stack," by A. Francis Watson, "Moonlight," by Eliot Clark, and Cullen Yates's "September Moonlight" will well repay attention. Andrew Teggin, in "Sandy Hook"—a stretch of water with a patch of weeds, sandy shore, and bank covered with stunted dark-colored trees—has kept close to nature, and by selecting a mellow light produced a canvas very rich in color. "Night in Halifax Harbor," by H. M. Rosenberg, has some beautiful qualities. The whole scene swims in a bath of green-blue vibrating with pale light. Sea is scarcely to be distinguished from sky, but a smoky blur in which roofs and chimneys are discernible marks the horizon. The limpidity and luminosity of the atmosphere are delightfully expressed. One wonders if the quality of the blue is true to nature, but is glad to accept it for its beauty as a piece of decoration. There is a landscape by G. A. Traver that would seem to have much charm, but it has been hung where it is impossible to see it properly.

The portraits are not numerous. Carroll Beckwith shows an interesting sketch and a finished "Portrait of Miss Rice," a dainty conception without, however, much distinction. The "Portrait of Miss E.," by Benjamin Eggleston, involves a handsome arrangement of black, brown, and cream color. The picture arrests attention, but upon examination scarcely proves impressive. J. Allen St. John's "Portrait of Caroline M. Hoyt" represents the lady in a cream satin Empire dress against a gray-green background. The painting is dry and a little hard, but the unaffected dignity and graciousness of both the color and the characterization are extremely agreeable. The little "Portrait of Alden Freeman, Esq.," by H. R. Poore, should not be overlooked. It is a study in gray, brown, and black, which, with the ruddy coloring of the hands and face, make a very distinguished *ensemble*. It is quite small, but is painted so straightforwardly and carefully that it makes its mark.

Among the subject pictures is a "Head of Christ," by George B. Butler, which one would like to study away from its surroundings. The face is long, the hair and short beard a tawny red, and the eyes very dark. A study of some of Durer's work might have suggested the character of the expression. It combines the human and the spiritual, idealism and realism. It is impressive without being exactly noble, and yet it is a picture that one feels one must go and see again. It is most shockingly hung. In "The Christmas Tree" J. Alden Weir has represented with masterful fidelity the reflection on a child's face and dress from the flare of wax tapers in daylight. It is difficult to see in the picture anything more than the results of most minute observation expressed with consummate skill. F. Luis Mora's "Arabian Harness-Maker," a semi-nude workman handling some brilliant-colored horse-gear, is a well-composed, vigorous picture, far above the average. It is also far above the eye and in a corner! "Noonday Rest" is an agreeable little canvas by Henry Mosler. There is a great deal that is interesting in Irving R. Wiles's "Day Dreams," and Henry W. Parton and M. V. Wolf send charming studies of flowers. Noticeable amongst the sculpture are J. Massey Rhind's four sketches for the bronze statues on the Exchange Court Building on Broadway, and a new sketch for a statute of Lincoln by C. H. Niehaus.

Charles H. Caffin.

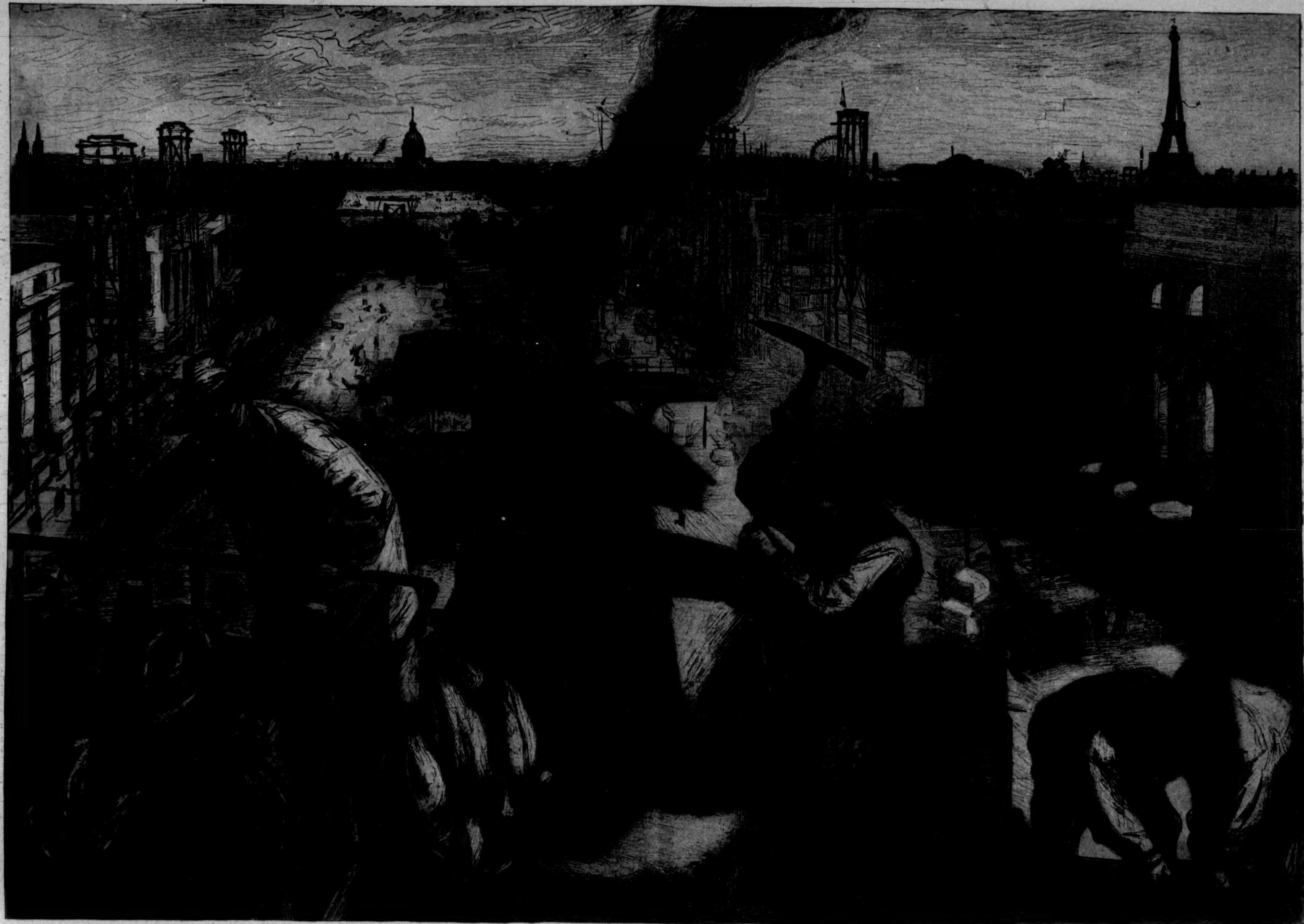
A NIGHT THOUGHT.

Night's darkness is an airy dust of coal
Which Morn with shining shovel joyous pours
Upon the sun—Day's smiling rosy grate.

At eve the orange flames burn dull and low
And, as Night's wing's unfolded on the world,
I know glad Nature's laying in the coal
Whose light shall wake the lark's exultant song
And glisten in the dew, whose crystal spheres
Tremble upon the flower and the vine.

Then Nature stands the tongs and turkey wing
Within the corner, and the poker takes
And gently rakes the sun-grate's brazen bars
Till Day's gray silver ashes drift away
And vanish o'er the still and drowsy fields.
Then the white fallen coals all bloom, the stars
Upon the blue hearth of the boundless sky!

R. K. Munkittrick.



PARIS PREPARING FOR THE EXPOSITION OF 1900—THE DEMOLITION OF THE PALAIS DE L'INDUSTRIE TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE EXPOSITION BUILDINGS.

Drawn from Life by P. Renouard.—[See Page 1126.]

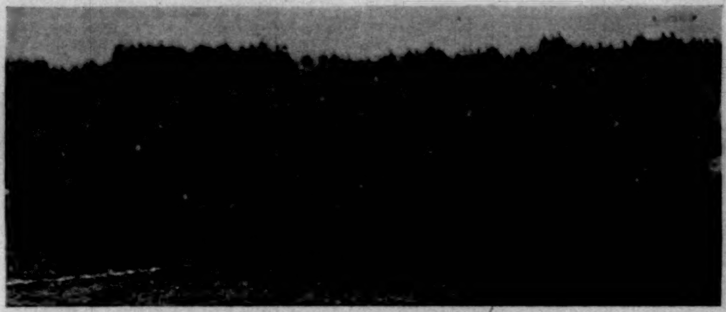
AMATEVR · SPORT

Harvard's victory over Univ. of Penn. (10–0) Saturday last at Cambridge rudely revealed the illusory character of that far-famed "guards-back" play which for several years in Philadelphia has been as a fetich. And it is eminently fitting Harvard should be the means to that end, since defeat of the crimson first brought the guards-back play into prominence, while repeated conquest over the same opponent nourished the fallacy of its invincibility. Not that the awakening on Saturday lay in the mere defeat, but rather in the manner of it.

Perhaps in the history of American football no single style of play has brought to a university eleven renown so widespread or success so continuous, and Univ. of Penn.'s confidence in its invulnerability is not difficult to understand. Yet to the unpartisan observer the day of reckoning has appeared inevitable; the wonder is it has been so long delayed. To those of us who follow football more or less closely the wonder has been, too, that Univ. of Penn. should place such dependence on any one style of play, be it never so strong. And here again we may the better appreciate the Univ. of Penn. view-point if we remember that for five years her only big game has been with Harvard. It was doubtless entirely natural Univ. of Penn. should disregard other plays for one that proved so peculiarly telling against the well-known football weaknesses of her single big adversary.

But Univ. of Penn. should have studied the work, not the scores, of her team against Harvard, and of Yale's against Harvard, and of Yale's against Princeton, and taken the hint the comparative showings offered. Not, perhaps, that Univ. of Penn.'s rank in the respective seasons would have been materially altered, but her football sponsors must have realized the error of subordinating all play to the guards-back formation; or rather, to put it more pointedly, of relying almost solely on that style for the team's effective offence. As a matter of fact, and entirely beside the question as to the probable winner, a game with either Yale or Princeton in any one of the last four years would have convinced Univ. of Penn. of the danger of this kind of development.

No one will deny the guards-back play to be a very powerful one against the best of teams; properly done, perhaps it is the most powerful one we have seen; even slovenly executed, it is irresistible against elevens of only slightly inferior skill and endurance. But, on the other hand, for its full effectiveness no play yet developed demands so much of its men in absolute timeliness and endurance. It must start as a flash and move like lightning, with every man fitting into his place like a piece of finely adjusted machinery. It requires speed and strength and harmony to an unusual degree, and if only one of these qualities is missing, the play sinks at once to mediocrity. Its full power can be realized only by the employment of exceptional material, and to the fortunate possession of such and to Harvard's hitherto inability to profit by past experience Univ. of Penn. owes her repeated victories over the crimson eleven.


ONE OF PENN.'S FUMBLES.

The work of Univ. of Penn. against Chicago University disclosed the vulnerability of the guards-back formation and the weakness of the team with its main dependence shattered. Added to which it foreshadowed defeat at Cambridge a week later, if only Harvard could put a team in the field of equal endurance with Univ. of Penn., and a line quick enough and strong enough to take advantage of the obvious lack of unison and of speed in Univ. of Penn.'s this year's exploitation of the play that has earned her so many touch-downs. It must be frankly acknowledged that those who had witnessed Harvard's work against the Carlisle Indian team were confused as to the crimson's chances against Univ. of Penn. The altogether new signs of physical strength gave encouragement, but it seemed hardly likely that an attack so slow and unsupported would be effective against a team, like Univ. of Penn., of known aggressiveness.

Truth to tell, the Harvard-Univ. of Penn. game was replete with surprises, not the least one of which was that Harvard gained about 195 yards with the ball in hand during the two halves of the match. I will warrant that in a big game so many yards were never before gained by an attack that started so slowly and straggled forward so disunitedly. Time and again the interferers and the runners fell foul of one another, and repeatedly the runners simply ambled into the line. That they gained at all was due to the shoving support Harvard gave her runners, and to the breaking down of Univ. of Penn.'s defence. Harvard completely outplayed and outgeneralled Univ. of Penn. in every department of the game, and won the contest strictly on its merits. But neither exhibited first-class football except in spots. Harvard fumbled too much for her welfare, had she been playing against Yale, but Univ. of Penn.'s fumbling was execrable, and this and the muffing of punts more than anything else worked to her defeat.

The lines of both teams were strong on the defensive, Harvard's the more so. Neither was first-class on the offensive. Back of the line, Harvard, because of Haughton's punting, completely outclassed Univ. of Penn., whose only kicker was Hare, a wonderful man at line-bucking, but who kicked so low as to invite blocking, or, escaping that fate, so fast as to give his ends no time to get under the ball, and consequently Harvard invariably ran back on caught punts twenty or more yards. In line-bucking the teams were about evenly matched, each making about 195 yards, and, quite reversing previous records, and as suggestive of the physical condition of the team, Harvard making the greater gains in the second half. In running the ends Univ. of Penn. was the better, boxing Harvard's ends, especially Cochrane, on nearly every attempt. Harvard could do little on the ends, her interference being broken up repeatedly. One of Harvard's most glaring blunders was lack of provision against Univ. of Penn.'s ends, who frequently got clear behind Harvard's line and tackled the runner almost in his tracks.

There were very few occasions during the game when the runner broke clear of the line, and those few were to the credit of Hare and McCracken (guards) and Outland of Univ. of Penn. The great majority of gains were by hard line-smashing for a yard or two at a time. For Harvard, Captain Dibblee made some pretty gains on caught punts, and in the second half ran his team with excellent judgment. A little more kicking in the first half, it seemed to us on the side-line, would have been serviceable. Daly's work at quarter was of high order. He not only handled the ball cleanly and speedily, but made the only end run of consequence for his side, besides several other gains in the back field on caught punts. On the defensive he was even stronger, his tackling stopping many a gain for Univ. of Penn., and probably on one occasion, when he tackled McCracken, saving a touch-down against Harvard. Harvard used only two of her rushers in running with the ball, and of these Boal did the only noteworthy work.

For Univ. of Penn., Hare seemed always to be the man with the ball; certainly he was the only man who could with surety gain in the line, and some of his drives through the centre were really notable exhibitions of line-bucking. Outland and McCracken were called on, and did their work well; but Hare was the only dependable line-hitter. Univ. of Penn.'s backs were chiefly noticeable for their fumbling, though Harrison made one two ten-yard runs, and Outland helped out Hare and McCracken, on whom the main offence of Univ. of Penn. appeared to rest. Gardiner was outclassed by Daly, and the quarter-back kick which he tried several times lost as much ground as it gained.

Perhaps the most startling surprise of the entire game, however, was the persistency with which Univ. of Penn. clung to the guards-back play in the second half, when it was being stopped on nearly every occasion, to the wear and tear of her own men. Harvard had shown her ability to break up the play in the first half, and in the second completely turned it. Yet Univ. of Penn. continued to work it desperately, apparently demoralized, or with no other play to work. Univ. of Penn.'s generalship was poor throughout the match, and in the last half distinctly bad. Harvard's judgment in the second half somewhat redeemed her exhibitions in the first, when frequently, from her own twenty-five and thirty yard line, she attempted to run the ball, very often only to lose it on downs before getting fairly started. In the second half, however, the ball was repeatedly sent back to Haughton, who kicked it to the Univ. of Penn. backs, who almost invariably muffed it. Haughton's punting was done as cleanly and with as good judgment as any we have seen. He gave his ends ample time to get down, and yet was not blocked once. Hare, on the other side, had two kicks blocked, Boal and Burden being responsible.

Both teams began the game in prime physical condition, and ended it without accident. Harvard put in two new men—Farley at end (who proved a decided improvement on the one he succeeded), and Burnett at centre—in the middle of the second half, to replace Cochrane and Jaffray, worn out. Univ. of Penn., at the beginning of the second half, replaced Coombs with McMahon because of the former's fumbling. There were two missed tries for goal from field, one by Outland from Harvard's twenty-yard line, and one by Cochrane from Univ. of Penn.'s twenty-two-yard line.

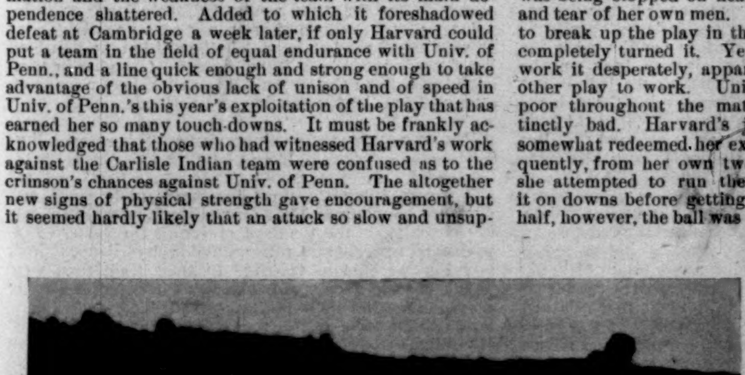
It is interesting to note that of Univ. of Penn.'s rush-line, all save Folwell were on the '97 team, and Folwell was a substitute in '97. Outland played tackle last year, and the balance of the men are new. Of the men on Harvard's team who lined up against Yale or Univ. of Penn. are Boal, Haughton, Dibblee; Cochrane, Donald, and Warren have had previous 'varsity experience, however.

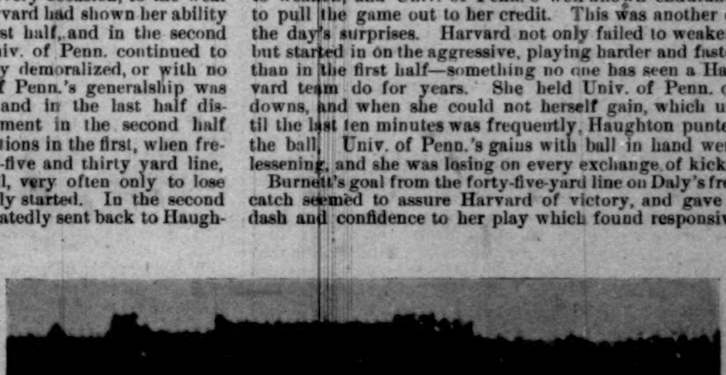
P. D. HAUGHTON,
Right Tackle.

The story of the game begins with Harvard scoring in perhaps record time, and ends with the ball in Harvard's possession two feet from Univ. of Penn.'s goal line. Univ. of Penn. won the toss, and chose the goal from which the wind was blowing. On the kick-off by Cochrane, Coombs muffed on his five-yard line, and before he or the spectators realized it, the Harvard guard Boal had made a touch-down. Time, six seconds. It was some minutes before we on the side-line could adjust ourselves to the unusual conditions; when we did, Hare had just sent the ball to Harvard's fifteen-yard line, where Daly caught and ran it back twenty-five yards. Harvard fumbled on the next line-up, Univ. of Penn. getting the ball, and now for the first time we viewed the strength of Harvard's line on the defence. Neither Hare nor Outland could gain; and Harvard, in Dibblee, secured the ball on Gardiner's quarter-back kick. Harvard could not gain around the ends, and punted to Gardiner. Line-bucking gave Univ. of Penn. her distance, and another quarter-back kick resulted in no gain, though Univ. of Penn. kept the ball. More line-bucking for short gains by Univ. of Penn. and another quarter-back kick gave Daly the ball on Harvard's twenty-five-yard line. From now on to the end of the first half the ball changed hands repeatedly, neither keeping it for longer than a second first down at most, and more often kicking or yielding it for no gain. There was not much punting in the first half, however. Univ. of Penn. in the first half gained twenty-five more yards than Harvard with the ball in hand, but it became apparent after fifteen minutes' play that Penn.'s guards-back was not up to its previous efficiency, and that Harvard was stopping it, and could win if she had endurance and played a kicking game.

Most people, no doubt, expected the usual when the teams came out for the second half—looked for Harvard to weaken, and Univ. of Penn.'s well-known endurance to pull the game out to her credit. This was another of the day's surprises. Harvard not only failed to weaken, but started in on the aggressive, playing harder and faster than in the first half—something no one has seen a Harvard team do for years. She held Univ. of Penn. on downs, and when she could not herself gain, which until the last ten minutes was frequently, Haughton punted the ball. Univ. of Penn.'s gains with ball in hand were lessening, and she was losing on every exchange of kicks.

Burnett's goal from the forty-five-yard line on Daly's free catch seemed to assure Harvard of victory, and gave a dash and confidence to her play which found responsive


PENN. GOING AROUND HARVARD'S END.


REID GOING THROUGH PENN.'S CENTRE.

dispirited endeavor on Univ. of Penn.'s part, though the latter played hard, and for all she was worth, to the last. McCracken's fine run, until downed by Daly, was the only bit to gladden Univ. of Penn. hearts in the last of the second half. For ten minutes before time was called Harvard had been ripping the Univ. of Penn. line to pieces and breaking up the guards-back play, outkicking, outcatching, outplaying Univ. of Penn., who finally lost the ball on her own ten-yard line with less than three minutes to play; when the whistle blew, Harvard had the ball two feet from Univ. of Penn.'s goal-line. Univ. of Penn.'s conduct all through the game and after her defeat was sportsmanlike. Play was fierce at all times, and the struggle desperate on each side, but the game was entirely free of unpleasant features. It was clean, hard football.

Although Harvard's game with Univ. of Penn. showed, as compared with her work against Carlisle the week previous, the capacity of the eleven for considerable improvement—much greater advance is necessary if Harvard is to score on, not to say defeat, Yale. And this despite the altogether extraordinary fumbling of Yale in the Princeton game. It is safe to say that such a slow scattering attack as Harvard revealed at Cambridge against Univ. of Penn. would yield no gains against Yale. Then, too, Yale will strike the Harvard line with a force it was not called upon to withstand in the Univ. of Penn. game, despite the battering guards-back play. Speed and concentration in attack are precisely what Yale emphasizes in her play, and any elasticity in Harvard's line will be fatal to her chances of winning. It is not enough that the line must stand as firmly on the defence as it did on the 5th; it must also be more of an aggressive factor in the offence. Harvard is unlikely to have so much of the good luck she had against Univ. of Penn., or so generous a profit in Yale's fumbling as Princeton enjoyed. Fumbles similar to those Harvard made on Soldier- Field, few though they were, are apt to be more costly in the Yale game than they proved to be against Univ. of Penn.

If Harvard's defensive work acquires the usual profit of a big game, it should be satisfactory next Saturday. Of the offensive one cannot write so definitely. Certainly it was short of the required strength last week. Whether unison and speed can be drilled into the men in these remaining days is more than one can venture to say. Sometimes I feel that these football virtues in the back field are more largely matters of individual disposition than of coaching. Under the most favoring conditions, the attack of a team cannot always be changed from slow and indifferent to fast and direct in ten days, and Harvard will be accomplishing a great deal if she succeeds in steaming up her attacking force to the requisite power. Still, Harvard has so entirely upset tradition this year in the physical condition and consequent endurance of her team, that there is some reason for expecting the team to yet further disturb the monotony of previous records.

It will, however, be a trying day for the Harvard eleven—with the traditional prowess of Yale looming large on its mental horizon, and the cheers and songs of the rival's home grounds sounding in their ears—but for all that, not in six years has Harvard had such substantial cause for hope of victory.

If Harvard does succeed in developing an attack sharp, strong, and harmonious, and, for the rest, plays to the full of the team's ability, defeat of Yale is more than a probability.

Such an attack as that employed against Univ. of Penn., however, will not enable Harvard to cross Yale's goal-line, always provided Yale does not offset weak attack by weaker fumbling. On the other hand, Harvard's defence is so strong that, failing herself to score, she should yet make it exceedingly difficult for Yale to secure five points.

It is not possible, in discussing a coming game, to take into consideration such wretched fumbling as Yale was guilty of last Saturday. Should Yale repeat that exhibition, the score may be any number against her. The chances are, however, she will better her Princeton game by 50 per cent., but even so I doubt if that will be good enough to win. Harvard will be stronger on the ends, at quarter, and probably in the kicking game generally. Added to which, Harvard, in the line and back of it, is fitter than Yale to play a hard, desperate game to the finish. This indeed is most unusual, the reverse having hitherto been the case. There is something the matter with Yale's training this year.

There may, of course, be some startling reversals next Saturday. We have before seen Yale come up with a wonderful brace and Harvard go to pieces—but if the Harvard team realizes its capabilities it ought to defeat Yale.

Needless to say, every sportsman would rejoice in a merited victory by Harvard over the rival to whom she owes so many defeats on the gridiron.

Chicago University's play against Univ. of Penn. in Philadelphia came as a revelation to the East. Perhaps this section may be further enlightened by the statement that there are two other football teams in the Middle West—University of Michigan and University of Wisconsin—in the class with Chicago. Moreover, a full half-dozen not a great deal inferior to these larger university elevens perform in the same neighborhood. Not far away is Oberlin, whose recent strong showing against Cornell (0–6) is indicative of the westward spread of football prowess. Cornell, it may be remembered, was beaten by Princeton (6–0) in October.

The most gratifying feature of Middle Western success in the game is that the superior strength and skill of the elevens came after the downfall of that semi-professionalism which flourished a few years ago. There have been trying times recently, but, on the whole, the result is most satisfactory. In some directions I regret to see no improvement, and will take up the matter fully a little later. For the time being the Middle West generally is to be congratulated on the results of its splendid efforts for wholesome sport. I particularly congratulate University of Wisconsin on her final recognition of the only plan upon which permanent prosperity in amateur sport may be attained—cleanliness.

Comparing Chicago and Univ. of Penn. as they played in Philadelphia, there can be no question that superior physical strength and not superior football gave Univ. of Penn. the victory. And in the attainment she had to extend herself to the full, using some of the tricks probably stored for Harvard. In all-round football Chicago was a better-drilled eleven. Besides, it was more resourceful. Univ. of Penn. clung to the "guards-back" play, was poor on kicking and on handling punts, and her one style of play was far from perfectly executed. Chicago's back field was much the stronger, but her line was the weaker, especially at the ends; in the handling of the ball, Chicago's quarter, Kennedy, outclassed Gardiner, whose work and that of Folwell must have made Harvard spectators hopeful for their coming game.

In truth, the eleven seemed the poorest one Univ. of Penn. has had since '94. The men did not fit into the offensive work as they must to make Univ. of Penn.'s style of play telling against strong teams, nor did the plays start off with that dash absolutely needful.

Chicago started in with a rush that appeared to dazzle the Pennsylvanians, and for the first half the famous guards-back was not only futile in ground-gaining, but often broken up for a loss. Chicago was playing straight football, and playing it so hard and clean that Univ. of Penn. was driven to resort to fake and delayed passes, which, by-the-way, were worked astonishingly well by both sides.

Curious how these hoary chestnuts continue prosperous e'en in their sear and yellow!

Masterful punting by Herschberger, fumbling by Gardiner, and runs by Clarke—one for twenty yards around Folwell—gave Herschberger his first opportunity to try for goal from placed kick, which Univ. of Penn. stopped, though Chicago secured the ball. A trick play or two and a run through left tackle soon after gave Chicago the ball on Univ. of Penn.'s five-yard line, and on the next play Clarke went past Folwell for a touch-down, making the score 6–0 in favor of Chicago six minutes after the game was called. For some little time after the scoring Univ. of Penn. was outplayed—failing to gain in rushes, and repeatedly surrendering the ball on downs; meantime, Chicago made her distance at nearly every effort. Herschberger, the while, was punting remarkably, one drive being for about seventy yards. A prettily executed fake pass gave Penn.'s first touch-down after a fifty-yard run by Outland around Chicago's right end, and thus the half ended with the score 6–5 in Chicago's favor.

The guards-back formations, which resulted in no gain for Univ. of Penn. in the first half, worked in the second as they had so frequently in other games—satisfactorily and tellingly. That added energy which Woodruff has been able to put into his men in the second half was very much in evidence, and Chicago was weakening. She had not the physical endurance to stand the hammering for another period. So much at least the guards-back play had accomplished: it had worn out the opponents and become a scoring play. With Chicago in possession of her full vigor, it had been futile.

But for Herschberger's repeated punting, Univ. of Penn. would have rolled up the score. Even so, there was a period in the second half when Chicago's line, battered though it was, braced, and held Univ. of Penn. from again scoring for fifteen minutes after she had made a touch-down by line plunges straight down the field. Univ. of Penn. was not to be denied, however, and though Herschberger made a field-goal, the result was foreseen. Score—Univ. of Penn. wins, 23–11. Chicago has reason to be proud of her team's showing, and of Clarke, Kennedy, and Herschberger.

It looks very much now as if Herschberger would also close the year number one on the full-back list. Certainly his punting thus far outclasses that of any other back, while goals from the forty, forty-five, and even fifty yard lines show his possibilities.

He kicks with either foot, and is said to be a strong and fast man with the ball, though he was used so little with the ball in hand in the Univ. of Penn. game as to give us no opportunity to judge of his work in that direction.

The score of the Princeton-West Point game (5–5), although suggesting the first-class all-round work of the cadets, hardly indicates the strength of the offence Princeton developed. It is by no means belittling the work of the cadets to say that perhaps ten points added to Princeton's score would more fairly represent the relative strength of the two teams on that day. By steady and irresistible rushes Princeton twice put the ball on West Point's ten-yard line, and once on her fifteen-yard line, only to lose it by the umpire's ruling which, to some on the side-lines, seemed to conflict with the permission, in the revised rules, given a back on the offence to take one step forward before the ball is put in play. At the rate Princeton was driving through the West Point line, undoubtedly a touch-down would have resulted on two of the three occasions referred to. But West Point, at the outset of the game, took the same risk in the umpire's judgment as Princeton, and though the latter suffered the more, the game must go on record as a moral victory for West Point, for that is virtually what a tie game with Princeton means to the cadets.

West Point's game was a clever exhibition of heady play. Driven down the field by Princeton's heavy formations on tackle, and unable in turn to make much impression on her opponents' strong line, West Point devoted her skill and energy to kicking, and to such good advantage as to keep Princeton's score down, while on one of the many exchanges Humphrey made a free catch on Princeton's thirty-five yard line, which Romeyn converted into five points by a pretty goal from place kick. This was near the end of the second half. Previously, in the first half, with only two minutes of play remaining, Princeton had scored a touch-down by rushing, and Geer missed an easy goal. That extra point added to the touch-down by the football committee alone saved Princeton from a recorded defeat in '98 by West Point.

There was a great deal of punting first and last in the game, and Romeyn on every exchange outkicked the Princeton full-back Ayres. Kromer ably followed up every advantage Romeyn's punting gave, and once made a run of forty yards aided by exceedingly good interference. Kromer is one of the strongest quarters in the country. He has the alertness and surety, and in addition is a powerful runner, perhaps the hardest man to stop of all the quarter-backs. West Point may well be satisfied with the work of her eleven. Saturday's game was the cadets' best this season, which they close with the satisfaction of being the only team in '98 to score against Princeton.

This is a fitting and, to all sportsmen, a thoroughly gratifying completion of the year's football-work of an academy whose team for four years has shown more uniformly first-class play than any other eleven outside the four great Eastern universities. No disparagement of others hereby intended—certainly none to the other national academy, Annapolis, which cannot be included in comparisons simply because geographical position prevents its meeting the strongest elevens.

Yale's defeat by Princeton (6–0) on Saturday may be directly attributed to three separate causes: first, poor judgment in starting the game with a quarter-back obviously unequal to the demands of so important a position; second, wretched handling of Princeton's kicks; third, persistent and the most startling exhibition of fumbling a 'varsity eleven has given within my recollection. The display was the more surprising because so unusual in a Yale team. Princeton's touch-down was due to a fumble by a Yale half-back. Although scores resulting from fumbling are always unsatisfactory to non-partisan onlookers, yet they provide no reason for belittling the achievements of the victor. It is just as much a part of the game that a team should suffer by loss of the ball on fumbles as by its loss on downs. It is quite as much the business of a runner to hold on to the ball as to gain with it. Therefore sportsmen have no patience with excuses offered for games lost through fumbling. Princeton's play was none the less excellent because of her opponent's shortcomings, of which she took indeed swift advantage on nearly every occasion.

In some respects the game was the most remarkable I have ever witnessed. Perhaps there has never been a more telling illustration of how completely the splendid work of forwards may be wrecked by miserable blunders of the back-fielders, or how severe the penalties which may be visited upon a team by weakness in even a single department of the game. Time and again in the first half Yale lost her opportunity, and often the ball also, by a fumble just as the play was fairly under way; several times when the team had settled to steady gaining, a disheartening fumble gave the ball to Princeton, who, after perhaps a try at line-bucking, usually punted. In the first half Princeton ran more and kicked less, but in the second half she punted at once almost invariably. It was one of the features of this somewhat extraordinary game that the side which lost had immeasurably the better of it in line-bucking. During the entire game Princeton gained five yards in the required number of downs only a few times. Yale, on the other hand, sent her runners repeatedly through Princeton's line and around the ends, not always for considerable or continuous gains, but more often than not for their distance. Several times Yale rushed the ball, before losing it, ten and fifteen yards, and once carried it fifty yards.

It was in the kicking game that Princeton made her ground, not so much in the distance of her own punts as in running back with those of Yale. During the greater part of the first half the ball was in Princeton's territory, thereafter it went backwards and forwards, several times getting near the goal-line of each—but for the greater part travelling near the centre of the field. In the second half Yale usually secured the ball on a punt somewhere in the middle of her territory, when she would begin rushing, to lose eventually on a fumble or down, only to have Princeton punt back, and Yale begin rushing over again. Sometimes Yale lost ground by fumbling caught punts, and almost without variance she failed of getting the full benefit of her own kicks, because her ends so seldom were near enough the Princeton backs to keep them from running the ball back. Two exceptions to the general rule I recall—both by McBride—one a beautiful punt down the side-lines, and the other a low twister which went over the Princeton full-back's head. Thus in nearly every exchange of kicks Yale lost ground, and as in the Harvard-Univ. of Penn. game, the danger to the team failing in that department was emphasized. Yet, despite the fumbles, the game was most closely contested, and the teams evenly matched. Three times Yale had the ball on Princeton's 20-yard line, to lose it on downs, and once on the 10-yard line, to lose it by the fumble which gave Poe, twelve minutes after the game was called, the chance to make Princeton's touch-down after a run of ninety yards. Twice Princeton had the ball on Yale's 10-yard line, and once on her 3-yard line, losing it on downs. Chamberlin tried a field-goal from the 25-yard line, and Wheeler made an attempt from the 40-yard line, and both missed.

Princeton played to the limit of her capability; the men were fit to the hour, and none failed to show his best game. The defensive strength of the line was usual and expected, but the great improvement in attack and excellent handling of kicks proved rigorous and painstaking coaching in the ten days preceding the game. Notwithstanding Yale sent runs around each of them, Palmer and Poe were more valuable to their team than were Yale's ends to theirs. Considering his experience, Geer played exceptionally opposite so strong a tackle as Chamberlin. The same may be said of Stillman, who opposed Hillebrand, one of the best tackles of the day. The great weight of Princeton's centre trio did not save them from being a bit outplayed. Edwards ought to have been ruled off. Duncan was an acceptable quarter, and Wheeler outplayed McBride.

All the Yale backs were able to gain against Princeton, but Durston and Benjamin spoiled their work by fumbling; Corwin and Townsend did better. De Saulles was in no condition to play, and gave positive evidence of it before he had been on the field five minutes; the wonder is he was not taken off sooner. Had Ely started the game, the team no doubt would not have become so unsteady. Such lack of judgment and the condition of the team suggest something wrong with the New Haven management this year.

Caspar Whitney.

"AMERICAN FOOTBALL."—By Walter Camp.—New and Revised Edition.—Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 25.—Harper & Brothers.

THE EVACUATION OF PUERTO RICO.

SPAIN formally released Puerto Rico from her sovereignty at twelve o'clock on Tuesday, October 18, 1898, by the withdrawal of her troops from the capital city of San Juan.

In the harbor lay a Spanish transport, ready to carry home the soldiers, while outside, on a calm ocean, lay our ships, loaded with blue-uniformed men, waiting for the moment when the booming of the mid-day gun was to sound the death-knell of Spanish supremacy and give Puerto Rico to the American government.

At daylight on Tuesday the last callings of the Spanish bugles rang through the town from the cuartels of San Cristóbal and Morro, and sixteen hundred Spanish soldiers, who had spent the day before in preparation for departure, came marching through the massive-walled portals, down the narrow streets of the town, and out to the westward suburban town of Santurce, where they were to camp temporarily, until the arrival of a second Spanish steamer.

The Spanish soldiers and Guardia Civil have married largely among Puerto-Rican women, and have become factors in the domestic life of the island. The evacuation programme did not provide for a condition like this, so the Spaniard goes back to his own country, though only for a time perhaps, and his wife and children must weep and go hungry until his return.

As the hour of twelve drew near, American soldiers stood before the white front of the balconied home of past Spanish captains-general, and in the plaza before the Chamber of Deputies and the City Hall, and again at the gates of the castles of Morro and San Cristóbal, patiently awaiting the coming of the hour. Around them at all these places were gathered queer, interesting, and withal motley crowds of American tourists and newspaper men, of well-dressed Spanish and Puerto-Rican merchants and landholders, and of the dark-colored ragged and tattered natives. The minutes were passed in hushed waiting, a straining of eyes toward the bare flag-poles, and a nervous consultation of watches.

Now it was coming, and a long-drawn breath sighed through the packed crowds, followed by the first uneasy shuffling of feet. The cry of "Attention!" caused every soldier to straighten rigidly on his heels, except a few poor fellows who had dropped, weak and sweltering, under the fierce heat of the sun, and lay uncaring beneath the shaded walls. The newsmen craned their necks in eager expectancy, and the click of adjusted camera-shutters could be heard from every point of elevation.

At each flag-staff a shoulder-strapped man stood grasping the flag-halyards, trying them now and again, in fear lest they might fail at the critical moment, and from their high-perched positions they watched the clock-towers, or looked seaward toward the bold, rugged, fortified castles for the first flash of fire and smoke from the great black guns

Ding! and the little sweet-toned bell of a near-by cathedral sang the first stroke of twelve; it was overpowered in its first vibrations by the deep-bellowing clang of the great bell of the City Hall. They answered each other in rhythmic chime, the ponderous and the weak, one after another, until the last echoing thrill of twelve made Puerto Rico ours.

The stars and stripes rose gently over every building, and were wafted by a new-born breeze as if in sympathy with the rousing cheers of the surging Americans beneath, and as if in salutation to the roaring guns which belched their smoke far to seaward as they boomed out the twenty-one shots of honor and of freedom.

It was a deeply impressive occasion. Done without ostentatious display, done without gold-laced uniforms or martial panoply, but well done. The very simplicity of the celebration appeals to American hearts. Our attitude was not that of the dictator, but of the protector. No bombastic speeches wounded the still sensitive Spanish pride; no great military pomp caused the teeth of a vanquished enemy to grind in hidden rage; we raised our flag softly—proudly, if you like—but we raised it with an outstretched hand of friendship.

With the floating of our flag over Spain's provincial capital of San Juan the United States became not only the master of a veritable Garden of Eden, but the possessor of a vast amount of government property. In the cities of the whole island permanent structures have been erected in the nature of buildings for officials, barracks for soldiers, many hospitals, and, on the sea-coast, massive stone forts. In San Juan itself our prizes include two wonderful stone forts, whose gray moss-covered walls tell a story of antiquated defences, but which would even at the present offer a very material protection against modern projectiles. On them were mounted fifty-six guns, new and old, twenty-eight of which are fairly modern 6-inch breech-loading rifled guns, and four modern mortars. In the magazines were stored immense quantities of powder and ammunition; in fact, shortly before war was declared, an entire ship-load of the most approved projectiles was landed at San Juan, and now belongs to our government. Again, in this city we now own a five-storied infantry barracks, which has been constructed during the last five years. It was damaged badly, but not beyond repair, during the three hours' naval bombardment of the city. There are two other immense barracks, but they are of old Spanish architecture—the cuartel San Cristóbal and the marine barracks. The United States also owns a new City Hall and a great public building, the "Intendencia," both facing the Plaza of the city. The value of our entire acquisitions runs up into millions of money.

The American officers who had the honor of raising the flags at San Juan were Major J. T. Dean at the Governor's palace; Colonel Goethals, of the Engineer Corps, over the "Intendencia"; Major Carson, of the Quartermaster's Department, at the City Hall; and Major Day, in command of a battery of the Fifth Artillery, over Morro Castle. Major Day also raised the first American flag floated on the island.

Few troops took active part in the ceremony—two battalions of the Eleventh Infantry at different points, Troop A of the Sixth Cavalry at the palace, and the Fifth Heavy Artillery at Morro and San Cristóbal. All the afternoon, however, the soldiers were marching from camps without the city's limits, until at nightfall several thousand men were scattered through the town. On Monday night, at every street corner stood the Spanish Guardia Civil, the official tyrant of the island, while sentries of the Spanish army were posted near all government buildings; when Tuesday's sunset came our armed soldiers paced back and forth over the selfsame posts, while the Spanish soldiers, without guns, though armed with bayonets, wandered through the town as aliens, or gathered in clusters in animated discussion. It was a curious metamorphosis.

WILLIAM DINWIDDIE.

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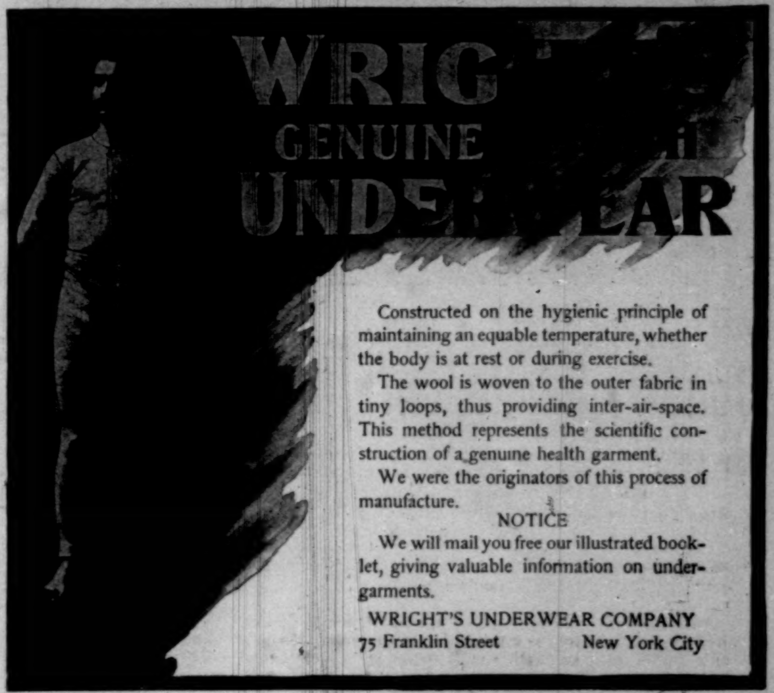
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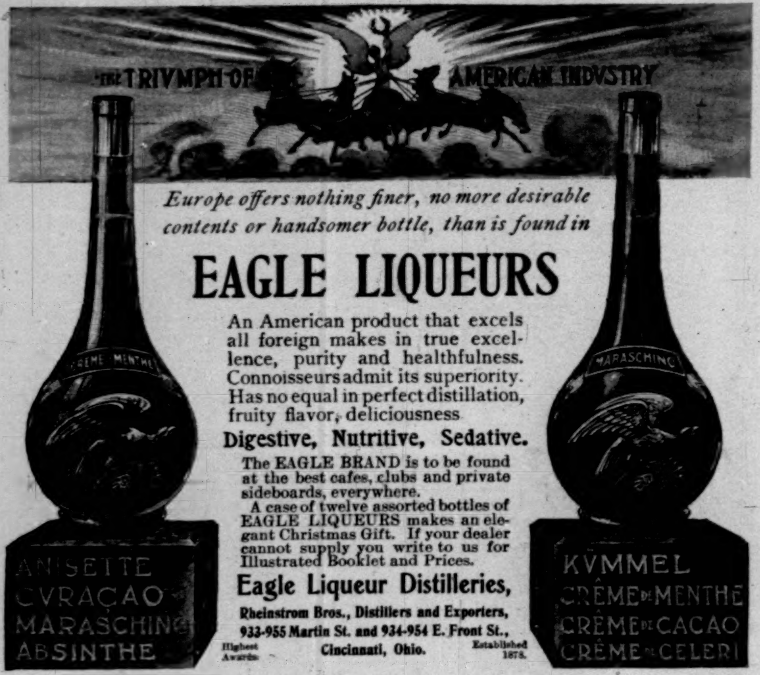

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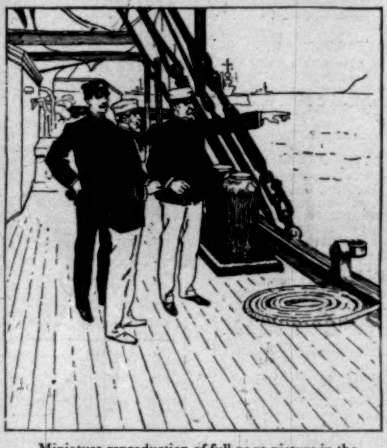

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The Homeliest Girl that ever Crossed the Pike.

"KATE KIP, Buyer," the new farce by Mr. Glen MacDonough, with which Miss May Irwin bids fair to hold the Bijou Theatre for the rest of the season, has the initial virtue of being inspired by a phase of American life. It has to do with the rivalries of two Western cities that both aspire to be the capital of the State. As *Kate Kip*, the travelling buyer of a department store, Miss Irwin is no less American. In a flying visit of two hours and a half she undertakes to bring the coveted prize to her brother's town, merely that he may marry the girl he loves on the proceeds of a lot he has invested in. In two acts she is able to twine herself about the hearts and pockets of three influential Senators, and at the same time to spare a few minutes now and then to give a coon song for the especial benefit of the audience. In the last act she is so busy tricking and countertricking her political allies that she is obliged to take advantage of the right of female suffrage, granted by our chivalrous West, and sing to the Senate in session a coon song that, by all precedent, belonged to the audience. To those who know Miss Irwin's coon songs it is needless to say that she wins the Senate, hands down and arms akimbo. The idea of the play is familiar enough to be easily intelligible, and the jokes cannot be lost by any one who has followed our funny papers. That dear old tale (from *Life*, I think) of *Finnigan. Off again. On again. Flanagan.* greets us as an elaborate song. And even if the plot and jokes had not, as the people at the universities say, "the strength of appeal that belongs alone to a fable derived from antique folklore," I think we should all understand them, they are so very American in every syllable. Some of Miss Irwin's syllables are the quintessence of Americanism. Any one who is homesick for the West, as happened to be the case with the present deponent, will have to restrain the weeps at those syllables in which she burrs the letter "r." And as for the wisdom she utters, it is positively gnomic—"Our first loves make splendid wives and husbands—for somebody else.... Marriages made from raw material don't wear."

But what is the use? Miss Irwin is Miss Irwin. She jokes about her Falstaffian figure in a neo-Falstaffian vein. She jokes about her age and the blondness of her hair with the abandon of utter good-comradeship. She orders dry Martini cocktails at regular intervals—and has the good sense not to allow them to be brought on the stage. And at last she blandly falls flat on her back on the stage in a faint, with Ignatio Martinetti for an acrobatic pillow. It is as if *Audrey* had the wit and good-humor of *Sir John*. Her joviality is so full of the deeper homeliness of human nature that we might as well call it Shaksperean as anything. *Homely*, that is the very word. I went away from the theatre softly humming the refrain of one of her coon songs that we are all fated to hear more of,

You *is* de *homelies'* wench dat ever cross' de pike,
But dere's sumfin about you dat I *like*.

More Shakspere, or less?

A late journalistic encounter between "Max," the successor of G. B[ernard] S[haw], as dramatic critic of the *Saturday Review*, and W[illiam] A[rcher], who holds the corresponding position on the *World*, has given us no end of suggestions with regard to criticism and the drama in England and elsewhere. "Max" is one Max Beerbohm, a weighty jester, who won fame by proposing his brother, Beerbohm Tree, as a prominent subject for one of a series of articles on "Humble Brothers of Great Men."

MISS ADELE AUS DER OHE,
Pianist.

JULIA ARTHUR AS *ROSALIND*.
As she will appear at Wallack's Theatre, New York.

When Bernard Shaw had ridden his broomstick-horse of detraction of Shakspere to a stand-still, "Max" was unlucky enough to be chosen to continue the splendid race. Accordingly "Max" comes out with a proposal to abolish Shakspere from the English stage for a period of thirty years. His solemn reason is that we are so familiar with Shakspere that the freshness of plot and the surprise in action necessary to dramatic effect are impossible. Our heads are so filled with the details of various interpretations, that the representation loses all force as a drama and becomes a mere text for comparative criticism. In answer to this Mr. Archer has said a few memorable things: "The memory for the details of acting is the rarest of faculties. I have known only two or three people in the course of my life (and these professed students and enthusiasts) who possessed it in any marked degree. The immense majority of an audience, after a month has passed, retains nothing but a vague general impression of even the vividest performance.... The 'comparative criticism' which he denounces as 'dreary' is quite beyond the power of most critics, and is very rarely practised.... Not one in five hundred of any given audience comes to the theatre with the vaguest idea, or ideal, as to how a play or a part should be acted." Mr. Archer then points out that, though freshness of plot and surprise in the action are necessary to the first success of a play with all of us, they have to do only indirectly with the true delight we find in a masterpiece. "A great play is like a great piece of music: we can hear it again and again with ever new realization of its subtle beauties, its complex harmonies, and with unfailing interest in the merits and demerits of each particular rendering.... If people saw these great plays oftener they would enjoy them more.... What we really want is, that audiences should feel an intelligent pleasure in the manifold and marvellous spiritual achievement represented by each of these plays.... If we had a theatre where (as at the leading German theatres) our great stage classics were frequently passed in review, instead of being sumptuously revived at intervals of from five to fifty years, they would rapidly educate their smaller but still numerous and commercially adequate public, and familiarity would breed not boredom, but subtler understanding and livelier pleasure." What Mr. Shaw had to say to us about Shakspere and the drama was so clever and suggestive, even in his moments of ecstatic perversity, that, with one exception, he was never adequately answered. That exception was when some one asked him if he did not spell his name with a P. Mr. Beerbohm would do better if he would make it possible for us not to take him seriously.

A good Thing profitably Done.

The *succès d'estime* which Miss Annie Russell and her company scored in Lavedan's "Catherine" is steadily taking the more substantial form of a popular success. At the same time the staging has been refined and the book improved. Miss Elsie de Wolfe's evening gown is now accompanied by the palliation of a sunset glow behind the scenes; and several passages in the action have been shortened. The translation, which is said to be by Mr. Max Beerbohm, and upon which I have already animadverted, has had especial attention. For instance, where *Catherine's* father (Mr. Le Moyne) at first caused irrelevant mirth by greeting the Duke's proposal with "This is so sudden!" he for a time substituted *unexpected* and afterward *wonderful*. And now it is announced that the translation is to be given the final Hall-mark of the author of "The Christian." Let us hope that it will not prove, as some one has foreboded, the brand of Caine. At any rate, we have an excellent example of that enlightened management the infrequency of which Mr. Zangwill so bitterly deplored. Let others profit by its success.

Best of all, Miss Russell's acting is gaining in power. Or perhaps it is only that one is beginning fully to comprehend it! At first I merely felt sure that it was excellent technically. Of the more deeply artistic delight of the performance it was not easy to speak—it would have been stupid not to allow for a possible personal equation! Five hearings, while they have multiplied the shortcomings discernible in the rest of an unusually excellent company, only convince one the more that one is utterly right in being delighted with Miss Russell. There is something in her *Catherine* beyond the accuracy, variety, and strength of her powers of expression, and far removed from any mere personal charm. It is given to some to express with fidelity to the author the differing shades of their different parts; it is given to others to add to each part an unvarying modicum of personal charm. What one likes in *Catherine* is, in a measure, both of these; but above both is an impalpable essence that belongs neither to personality nor to expression—the power of creative individuality, the word for which has been too often profaned. It is the virtue of this individuality that it cannot be expressed except as Miss Russell expresses it. One can only say that it is wholly refined, both in feeling and in utterance, wholly true to the rarest instincts of feminine nature.

Which is the Christian here, and which Hall Caine?

Last week Mr. Hall Caine "invited" the clergymen of Greater New York to come to the Knickerbocker and see for themselves what a highly moral play "The Christian" is. This week Mr. Al Hayman is sending about a list of the nightly box-office receipts, which shows how great a success the play has since become financially. The incident lends new point to the remark in *Life* that others than the Syndicate are able to "do" the Christian. It has long been gossiped in London that, one night at the Garrick Club, Mr. Caine discussed at length the edifying question of whether he more nearly resembled the portraits of Shakspere or those of Our Lord. At that time he was dressing up to the Shakspere ideal; but his success was somewhat impaired by the fact that he had unadvisedly chosen as his model the Chandos portrait, which has Jewish features, and is almost beyond question spurious. He has since apparently chosen his alternative rôle, and with a similar result. How should one break the news to an admiring public that he seems more expert, on the whole, in such pursuits as concern thirty (or more) pieces of silver?

Mr. Jefferson's Illness.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson was unable to appear during the last days of the time allotted to "The Rivals," and a few days later his reappearance in "Rip Van Winkle" was postponed a week. His illness is reported to be no more serious than a hoarseness that prevents his speaking, but he is so endeared to the hearts of his public that one is easily led into alarm. To thousands of Americans the dearest memory of the stage is the serene beauty of his acting.

JOHN CORBIN.

MAX ALVARY AS *SIEGFRIED*.

MUSIC

CONCERTS AND CONDUCTORS.

The Philharmonic Society of New York.

The history and influences of the Philharmonic Society make up a career of such dignity and benevolence that we may properly be anxious whenever something like a new chapter is to be opened. A new conductor almost inevitably must mean such a chapter. Between the Society's outset, far back in the winter of 1842–3, and last spring, just six leaders have been its pilots—Eisfeld, Bergmann, Neundorff, Leopold Damrosch, Thomas, and Seidl. When Mr. Seidl's death deprived the Society of his services and his personal prestige, there were many troublous considerations affecting not only the choice of a successor (whom the actual players in the Society's band elect), but his utility. For at least a dozen years the Society's orchestra has suffered artistically, while no firmer pecuniary support could be asked from a great public more devoted than keen. Rehearsals have been scanted; and rehearsals are the marrow of symphonic duty. The new and auxiliary musicians have not always been well chosen, and when above par they have been tantalizingly kept in the rear of serviceableness. Again, many of the Philharmonic's authoritative players have lost the fire of youth, have become wonted to playing as a bit of annual mechanics, and so the interpretations of works, both new and old, have lacked eloquence and virtuosity. Temperament is a gift to be cherished, but it evaporates in academic musical air. Moreover, the veteran musician is not apt to new schooling, not tender to being kept up to his full duty and nervosity. The *vielles moustaches* of an orchestra have their own ideas. Like Hubert in "Ivanhoe"—"My grandsire drew a good bow at the Battle of Hastings and never *played* at such a mark in his life and—neither will I." Such members of an orchestra would rather have King Log than King Stork. Should King Stork be chosen and persist in being every inch a king, why, the symphonic frog-pond can make his reign a fine purgatory for him.

An old Society's new Leadership and new Season begun.

Mr. Emil Paur's selection in Mr. Seidl's place wounded no sentimentalities, could augur only a rule of the highest musical capability and conscientiousness. Yet there were misgivings in our minds as to Mr. Paur's concrete success when the time for work should come. Never was a concert-director summoned to a post more demanding tact, firmness, knowledge of human nature, and insight into a special *status in quo*, for reasons quite below general public observation. Mr. Paur could be trusted for his part. But would he be met half-way? The Philharmonic's public seemed to expect so, for never has the Society's year set out with a more splendid subscription. The patrons already have their reward. The first concerts seem conclusive of Mr. Paur's personal esteem from his great charge, and of the new life that he will breathe into it. I have heard the Philharmonic for some twenty-odd years. I have not heard it play in a dozen seasons with the vigor, the *ensemble* quality of tone, and with the precision in the work of individual members which entered into its opening rehearsal and concert for this fifty-seventh season. The musicians—yes, even Mr. Arnold and Mr. Schmitt and Mr. Roebbelen, and many more of the honored conscript fathers of the Society—seemed to have had a sip of the Fountain of Youth. They watched their new leader as a man to be watched, and perceptibly they obeyed him. The quality of the great orchestra's tone is noticeably more refined, rounded, and solidified already, and it continually leaped to a life quite new. The strings rose to a noble sonority; the wood-wind group—never the Philharmonic's golden treasury—was more intent on *nuances* and tone than it has been since Mr. Thomas's days of authority. The brass was mellower, and significantly discreet or alert in turn. The programme gave well-worn numbers, but wisely picked—Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini" prelude, Brahms's B flat piano-forte concerto, and Beethoven's Symphony in A. Mr. Paur is, beyond doubt, one of the truest "readers" and leaders of Beethoven now before any public, and again came evidence thereof. The Brahms concerto (perhaps the most beautiful one yet written) brought again to New York auditors Miss Adele aus der Ohe. Her absence from us has certainly not lessened by a shade her exquisite, sensitive, reserved art, and that charm of sincerity and high musicianship that has set her apart from a thousand other pianists of her sex in a profession so over-crowded that often there seems hardly room where she is—at the top.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra: Mr. Wilhelm Gericke returns.

The procession of this winter's great concerts is fairly forward. There was nothing if not success and enthusiasm in the entrance last week, on Wednesday and Thursday, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on a thirteenth season that has none of the omens belonging to the number mentioned. How insidiously do years and orchestral anniversaries succeed! These orchestras and singers and players betray us pitilessly by their beguilements. Last week, strikingly less than real seemed the flight of so much time since the Boston Orchestra first came to us. With Mr. Gericke it came. Long terms, new leaders, have intervened. But now was not Mr. Gericke again here, tall and straight, before us bodily and vigorously once more?—looking in every essential detail quite the same disciplinarian, the same vigilant creator of the Orchestra's glory, that he was when he left his charge. Mr. Gericke, too, was conducting it to-day with all that admirable leadership, calm yet inspiring, unostentatious yet dignified, which charmed us aforetime. The Orchestra's experiment of afternoon concerts here (with programmes quite other than those of the evening series, though with identical soloists) opens with every outward success. Both concerts, in fact, were crowded. Both repeated the cordiality toward Mr. Gericke, and the intent, discriminating delight in the Orchestra which warmed to its yearly visits under his direction of old, not to speak of our regard for the work of the many seasons when Mr. Nikisch and Mr. Paur have been the leaders before us. The band this year has turned to Carnegie Hall for its auditorium, an excellent change from the dreadful hollow of the Metropolitan's area. The effect of the playing of the afternoon and evening was vastly the gainer by the removal. The programmes respectively offered (*a*) Weber's "Euryanthe" overture, Chopin's piano-forte concerto in E minor, Brahms's "Chorale 'St. Antoni'" variations, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony; and (*b*) Schumann's symphony in C major, Scharwenka's second concerto for piano-forte, Richard Strauss's "Don Juan" tone-poem, and the prelude and death-finale of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde." Mr. Rosenthal was the soloist. It is of interest to notice that Mr. Gericke finds the band he now redirects as little altered in actual personnel by the decade as he himself is by his absence. Less than a dozen changes have occurred. But in gradual and sure progress upward toward a perfection of *ensemble* not surpassed by any symphonic organization either in America or Europe, the Orchestra has passed into a finer individuality, season by season, not a little with thanks to the integrity of its wise early adjustment under the director who is once more at its head to-day.

Max Alvary. 1856–98.

The note of personal tragedy always sounds more dolorous in connection with the stage than under any other circumstances, especially if the sorrow come untimely. The death of Max Alvary, which has occurred in his German home, must have been a shock and regret to a great circle of the American musical public. Mr. Alvary's career was built on his brilliant and just American successes as a member of the German companies who gave us especially such bright pages of our Wagnerian chronicle between 1883 and 1890–1. His début here occurred in the autumn of 1885. Like many German tenors, Mr. Alvary had a better voice than skill in its use, and was, on the whole, more an artist in his diction and acting than a really accomplished opera-singer. But his free and magnetic art as an actor, the resonance of a tenor voice originally not "heroic," but rapidly developed in its volume and fibre, and his personal charm, captivated all the public. He became its bright star, and he had no rival. As *Adolar* in Weber's "Euryanthe" Alvary was a real individuality; as *Assad* in Goldmark's "The Queen of Sheba," as *Loge* in Wagner's "Rheingold," scarcely less so. He was a charming *Walther*, too, in "Die Meistersinger." But of all his impersonations his *Siegfried*—the boyish *Siegfried* of the third Nibelungen music-drama—was the most unapproachable. We have never had another *Siegfried* like him, and we shall never have one. Alvary was as if born for this part, and he made it his own with a verve and beauty to haunt the eye and the ear through a lifetime. It is in just that remembrance that I have taken out of a large pile of portraits of him lying at my hand, not his every-day self, but his *Siegfried* identity, as it was before us in 1887 or 1888, in all its graceful and statuesque beauty. Mr. Alvary last returned to America early in 1896, and though singing less effectively, was welcomed with renewed favor. About three years ago accident created a lingering and dreadful disease—cancer of the stomach. His career was closed. I understand that, through no fault of his, it was closed in poverty, and that his family are penniless. His life was the romance of a gentleman, a successful artist, and a nature of beautiful refinement and perceptiveness, suddenly cast into shadow and an untimely fate. It is only in such lovely fables as Andersen's "The Nightingale" that Death can be kept away by a song!

The Castle Square Company's Chief Lack.

The Castle Square Company is reviving a special success of last year—"Carmen." As usual, Bizet's masterpiece has the fullest attention from a public that grows more and more general. "Il Trovatore," "Roméo et Juliette," and "The Pirates of Penzance" have succeeded each other recently. The principal lack of this interesting and faithful organization, of which much may come, is a couple of light tenors who have good looks as well as good voices and training, and a considerable repertory into the bargain. Both Mr. Sheehan and Mr. Lavin are wholly insufficient or ill placed in romantic opera.

E. Irenæus Stevenson.

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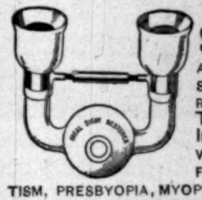

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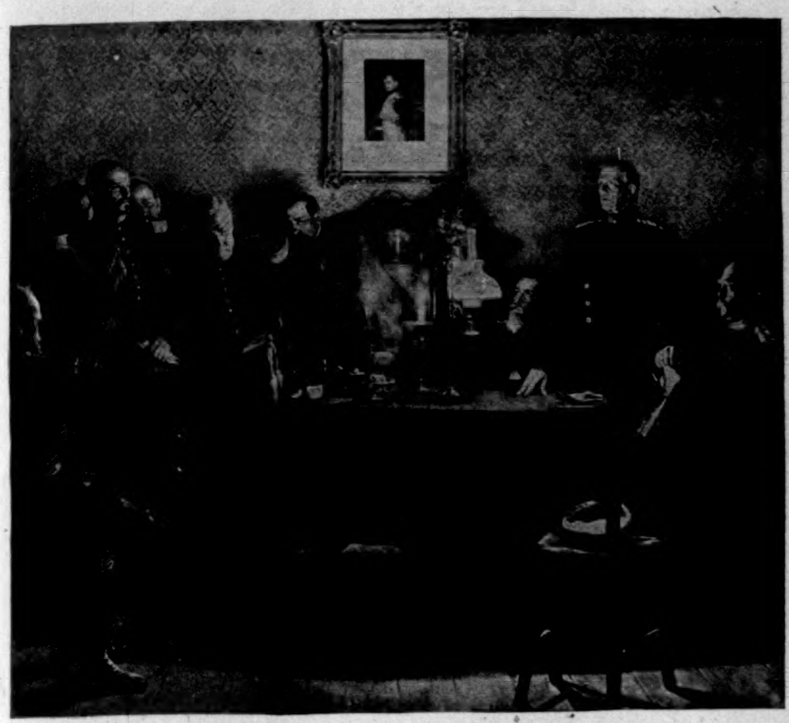

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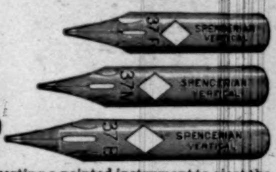

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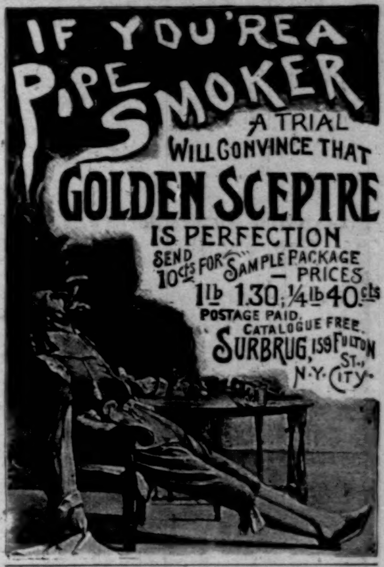
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